

The Sketch

No. 769.—Vol. LX.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1907.

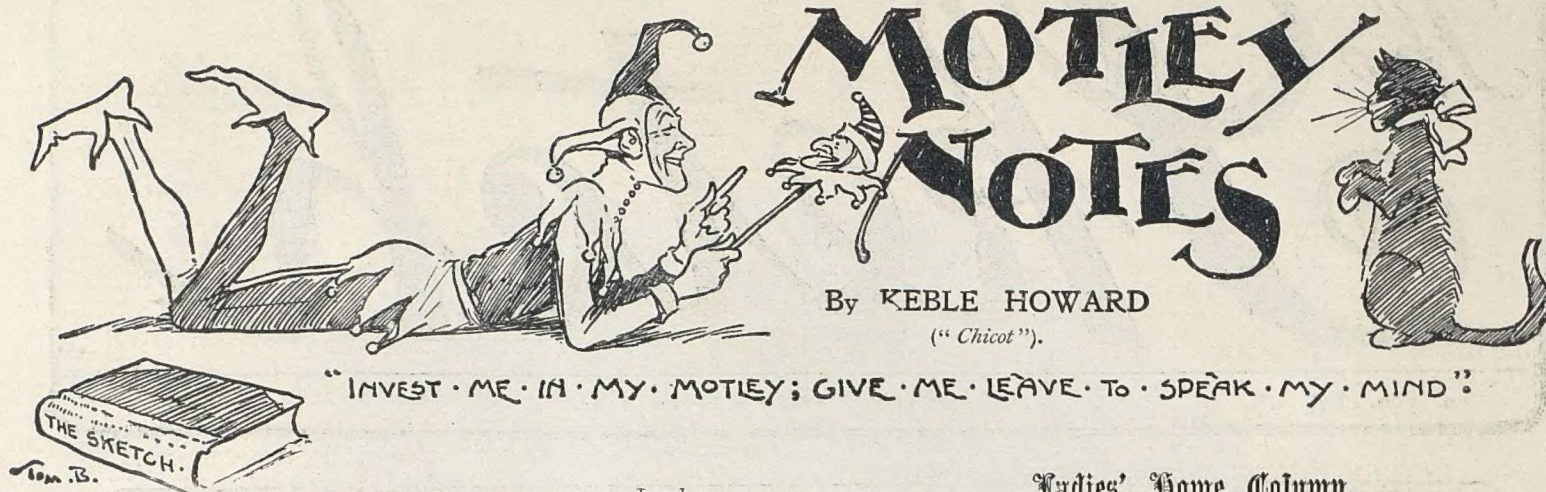
SIXPENCE.



THE STAGE "DISCOVERY" OF THE MOMENT: MISS ELAINE INESCORT, WHO HAS MADE
A NOTABLE SUCCESS AS MISS ROBERTS IN "THE MOLLUSC."

Miss Inescort has made in "The Mollusc" her first really notable appearance on the London stage, an appearance that has been met with a remarkable outburst of appreciative criticism. She plays Miss Roberts, the governess with whom Tom Kemp (Sir Charles Wyndham) falls in love.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



Poor Mr. Redford!

Everybody is very cross all over again with poor Mr. Redford, the official Examiner of Plays. That is because they do not understand him. There is no malice in Mr. Redford. Considering that he reads about six hundred plays every year, he is, on the contrary, a wonderfully sweet-natured gentleman. A dramatist who grumbles because Mr. Redford refuses to license his play is an amateur. He might just as well grumble because the public refuse to witness any play of his that has been licensed. You cannot expect a play to be successful unless you study the public, and you cannot expect any play to be licensed unless you study Mr. Redford. If Mr. Granville Barker had consulted me before he began to write "Waste," I could have told him in a second whether Mr. Redford would license it or not. Mr. Redford is perfectly consistent. So is the public. If anything, the public is rather more advanced in its ideas than Mr. Redford, and prepared to stand rather stronger stuff than he suspects. But who will blame Mr. Redford for being a little behind the public? Not I, when I remember that he has to read two plays every day of the year, with the exception of Sundays. It takes two hours to read a play. Mr. Redford reads for four hours every day, in addition to looking after masses of correspondence. And the theatres are not open on Sunday. Be reasonable, gentlemen!

The Bishop's Message.

Into the midst of all the hubbub, the screaming out of opinions, the mad dash for the biggest prize, the hounding to death of one's enemies, the clamour of the self-sufficient, the whir and thrum of modern machinery, the Bishop of Carlisle has sent a sweet, peaceful little message. It is not didactic, as you may be fearing; it is not epigrammatic; it is not controversial; it is not in the least ignoble. On the other hand, it should bring peace to the jaded, respite to the half-daunted struggler for existence, and a gleam of comedy into the dull lives of the very important. I found the message this morning in a corner of one of my daily papers. I happened to be sitting in the window, and the morning sun fell upon the words and lent them a significant, opportune radiance. I congratulate the gentleman whose scissors were responsible for the inclusion of the Bishop's message in his daily pot-pourri of folly and wisdom. He might so easily have passed it over as lacking in significance, in that quality of apprehension upon which, sad to relate, the average reader is prone to insist. The Bishop was speaking at Holme Cultram—a charming name!—and this is what he said: "I like tea." What a world of meaning, what a volume of gentle rebuke may be found in those three little words! With you, my lord!

The Note-Book "Novelist."

I am glad to hear that the reported exploit of Mr. Upton Sinclair has been denied. "Anxious to write a novel exposing the inanities of the American millionaire," I read, "he sought and secured a position as butler to Mrs. Vanderbilt, where, successfully concealing his identity, he waited on the newly engaged pair, heard all the domestic gossip, and generally acted the part of the obsequious family retainer as if to the manner born. He was discharged, not because Mrs. Vanderbilt unmasked his disguise, but because a fellow-servant discovered that the new butler wrote elaborate notes in a pocket-book before retiring to rest each night." I wonder what we should think of Mr. Hall Caine if he disguised himself as a gardener in order to overhear private conversations and make a novel out of them! Would Sir Walter Scott have done it? Can you imagine Mr. George Meredith seeking a situation as a chauffeur?

Ladies' Home Column.

By "DAPHNE."

Care of the Neck.

It is by far the most satisfactory plan, even if one is a very busy woman, to try and wash one's own neck. The laundry has most disastrous results upon dainty necks, and yet the ordinary washer-woman is far from satisfactory. The washing does not take very long if one really makes up one's mind to get it done, and the saving in collars is considerable. The neck should not be allowed to become very soiled, and should be washed in hot water with white soap. After rinsing very thoroughly, run the neck through a basin of water which has had some blue put into it. The starch should be mixed previously, and the neck put through it after the blueing process. If the neck must be stiff, use a tablespoonful and a half of good starch to one pint of lukewarm water, and thin with water for the less stiff ones. Roll tight in a dry, clean cloth, and let stand for ten or fifteen minutes. Then press firmly at the back with an old slipper.

How to Cook Scandal.

There are several kinds of stories which can be cooked in gall, to the great improvement of their flavour. The members of the scandal family are some of these, and the following mode of cooking scandal is held to be the most spicy method of preparing that delicacy, rendering it appetising and digestible. Cut the scandal with a sharp tongue into the finest shavings; cover in a mystery with malice, and season. Set quietly on the go, so that it will simmer for about three days, and then serve hot and strong as fast and as often as possible.

Younger Sons.

Little footballers should be washed at least once a week, and dried in the sun and air. An excellent solution for this purpose is the following: To one quart of warm water add one teaspoonful of ammonia, one half-teaspoonful of borax, and a small bit of ordinary kitchen soap dissolved in boiling water. After washing the boy thoroughly in this mixture, rinse in clear, cold water, and he will be almost as good as new.

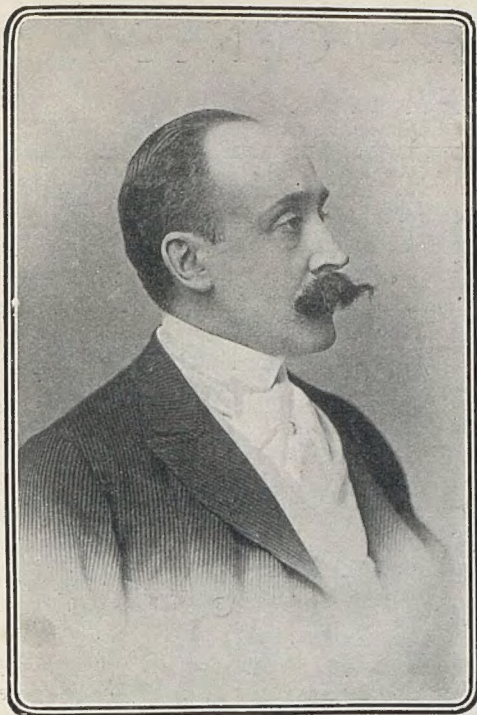
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NULLI SECUNDUS.—Fully.

QUICK LUNCHER.—To cure hiccoughs, open the mouth to its widest extent, at the same time thrusting forward the chin with a sharp, locking sound. Now turn the head slowly round without moving the feet, and repeat to yourself any twelve stanzas of "In Memoriam" without drawing the breath. If you do not know "In Memoriam" by heart, I cannot help you. You must just hiccough.

MABEL wants to know whether it would be bad form to attend a dance to which you had not been invited if you felt sure that you would have been invited if they had remembered you.—Not bad form, exactly, my dear Mabel, but it is usual to send a jaunty little note to the hostess a day or two before the party, announcing your intention of being present. This gives her an opportunity of postponing the dance indefinitely should she be unable to insure the silver for a satisfactory amount.

OCTOBER BRIDE wants to know (1) A good, safe investment for about fourteen pounds; (2) How to remove inkstains from the bath-room wall; (3) The names and authors of twelve novels suitable for reading aloud to a sick retriever; and (4) A really good way of making an umbrella-stand out of a spare piece of zinc.—I hope OCTOBER BRIDE will find out.



THE PART-AUTHOR OF "THE SINS OF SOCIETY"
DIVORCED: MR. CECIL RALEIGH.

Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, who in private life is Mrs. Isobel Pauline Rowlands, was granted last week a decree nisi for the dissolution of her marriage with Mr. Abraham Cecil Francis Fothergill Rowlands, better known as Mr. Cecil Raleigh, the popular dramatist. The case was not defended. Mr. Cecil Raleigh was born in 1856, and has been actor and journalist as well as playwright. His first Drury Lane drama was "The Derby Winner," written in conjunction with Mr. Henry Hamilton.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



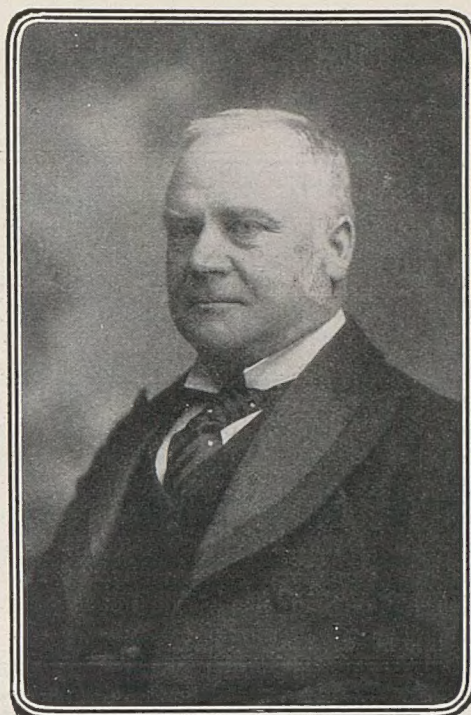
WITHDRAWN FROM PUBLIC AUCTION:
THE GREAT SEAL OF THE SOUTH
AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

It was announced that the Great Seal of the defunct South African Republic was to be put up for auction, but the "lot" has now been withdrawn. The Seal was in use from 1884.



THE ACTOR WHO IS SAID TO HAVE
REBUKED THE VANDERBILTS: MR.
WILLIAM COLLIER.

It is reported that the Vanderbilt party, which included Count Laszlo Szechenyi and his fiancée, Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, talked loudly while "Caught in the Rain" was being played in the theatre at Newport, and that Mr. Collier stopped in the first act, and rebuked them.



THE FIRST LORD CHANCELLOR TO MARRY
WHILE IN OFFICE: LORD LOREBURN.

Lord Loreburn, the Lord Chancellor, whose engagement to Miss Violet Elizabeth Hicks-Beach, daughter of Mr. W. F. Hicks-Beach, is announced, attained his rank on the formation of the Liberal Government. For long, as Sir Robert Reid, K.C., he was a familiar figure in the House of Commons and in the Law Courts. He has been a widower since 1904, and is in his sixty-second year. The future Lady Loreburn is a niece of Lord St. Aldwyn (Sir Michael Hicks-Beach).

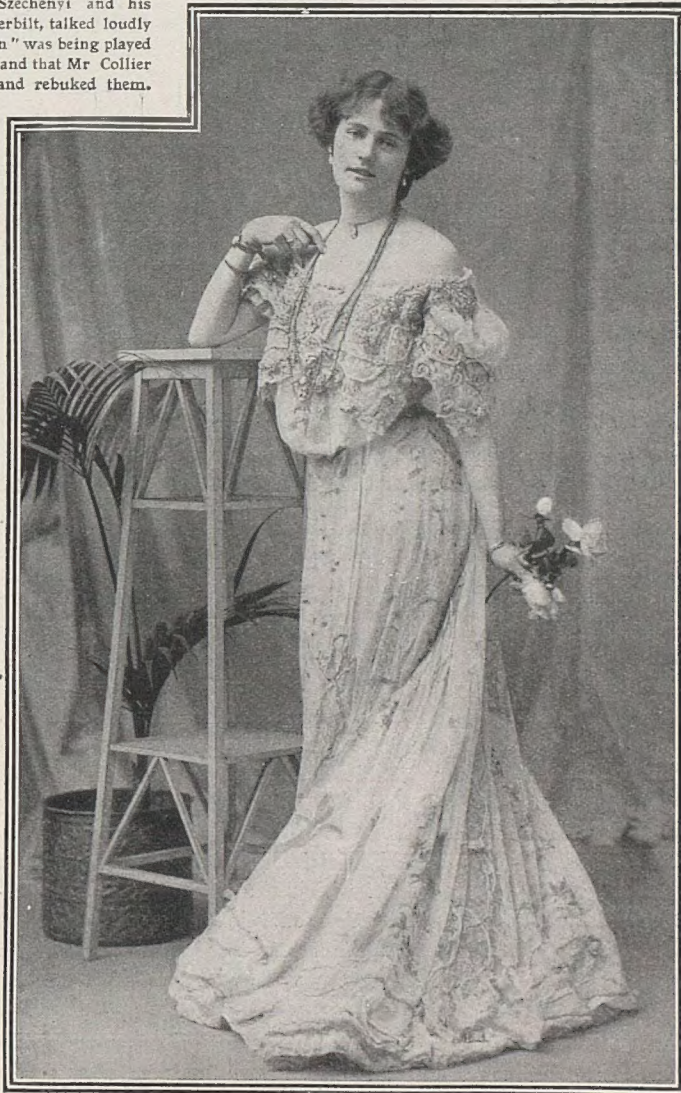
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



THE FAMOUS ACTRESS WHO HAS DIVORCED HER HUSBAND:
MRS. CECIL RALEIGH.

Mrs. Raleigh, who was born in 1866, first acted under her maiden name, Isobel Ellissen, chiefly in comedy parts. She made her début in "Woodcock's Little Game," at the Gaiety. Her marriage to Mr. Cecil Raleigh took place in 1892.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



THE "GAY GORDON" WHO HAS MARRIED A GUARDSMAN:
MISS HILDA HARRIS.

Miss Hilda Harris, one of the prettiest show-girls in "The Gay Gordons," at the Aldwych, married Mr. David Drummond, a young Guardsman and son of one of the proprietors of Drummond's Bank, a few weeks ago. The marriage was announced last week.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

GRANVILLE BARKER ON THE CENSOR.

THE AUTHOR OF "WASTE" AND THE EXAMINER OF PLAYS.

I HAVE no personal quarrel with Mr. Redford because he has refused to license my play "Waste," the date of the production of which had been generally announced (said Mr. Granville Barker to a representative of *The Sketch*); that is a point which I want to make clearly understood. It is, in my opinion, no use attacking Mr. Redford as to whether he has done wisely or unwisely with regard to my play, or whether he does wisely or unwisely in the exercise of his office as reader of plays to the Lord Chamberlain, which practically makes him the censor. The point to which I should like to draw attention is that nobody should be in that position at all. Other nations get on well without such a censor. Why should we not do the same? There is no censor in the United States of America. There they have a system of which, however, I personally do not approve. Many people will

remember that some little while ago "Mrs. Warren's Profession," which is prohibited in England, was acted in New York. The result was that the police prosecuted the manager for producing what it considered was an improper play. Now mark the sequel, "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is being played all over the United States. What happened was that the Judge who tried the case adjourned it in order to read the play. Then he decided that it was a fit play to be acted. He even said it was an admirable play, most

moral in its tendency, and he wished that there were a few more like it. Putting plays under the ægis of the police, as in that case, does not seem satisfactory to me, for the reason that the secretaries of purist societies naturally have to find things to do in order that they may seem to earn their salaries.

If I were asked what I should substitute for the censor I should point out the satisfactory way in which the music-halls are conducted under the London County Council. What happens there is that the theatre is licensed, and the manager is therefore put on his good behaviour. I should do the same with the theatre. By putting the manager of the theatre on the same footing as the manager of the music-hall, if he produced a play which was obscene, indecent, or objectionable, it would be open to anyone to make a complaint to the licensing authority, whatever that may be. In the music-hall it is the Licensing Committee of the London County Council. When such a complaint is made the Committee goes to see the thing in question, and uses its own judgment as to removing it or not. Anyway, the Committee is a body of public representatives, and not one irresponsible individual who shelters

himself behind the fact that he is a Court official, and, as a Court official, does not care a scrap for public opinion.

Now, if we had an elective body to deal with, when the time came for the election one could deal directly with the members. One could put the question, "What is your policy with regard to so-and-so?" and on that answer one could decide one's vote and endeavour to influence other people to vote accordingly.

It seems to me that the conduct of the theatres in London is the concern of the people of London, and therefore they should be governed by elected representatives of the people of London. This opens the question whether the people of each town would have the same right of independent decision. Undoubtedly they would. As a matter of fact, they do now. A manager puts up a play and it is judged on its merits. It does not matter whether that judgment is

on a question of stupidity or morality—each town expresses its opinion in an unmistakable way, for a play may attract the London public and yet fail to attract the public of the provinces, and vice-versâ.

My solution of the present difficulty is, as I have suggested, to put a license on the manager and let him conduct his business in a proper and decent way. If he did not he would not be fit for his position, and when, next session, he applied for a license it would not be granted to him. The reason why managers, as a rule, have not

"gone for" the

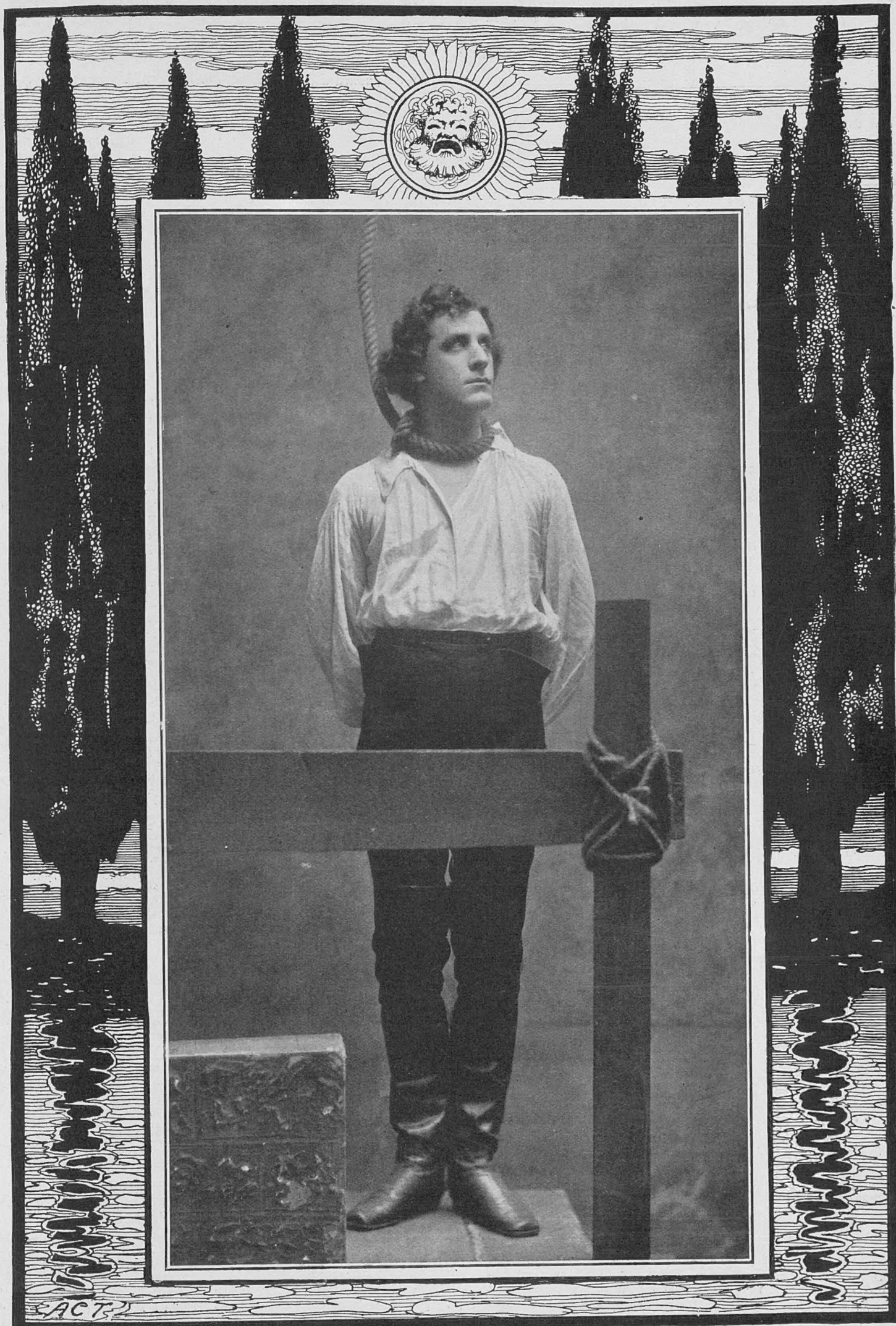
censor has been that, up to now, Mr. Redford has saved them the trouble of running against public opinion by taking away from them a responsibility which is theirs. Now, if a thing is done which is objectionable, they can say—"Oh, it's no business of mine. Mr. Redford passed the play, and everyone knows how particular Mr. Redford is." If there were no Mr. Redford, then every man would have to bear the brunt of his own responsibility, and make his reputation for himself. Now, Mr. Redford is his reputation. I, on the other hand, do not mind having a conscience of my own. What I do not want is to have Mr. Redford for my conscience. When my play is produced I am prepared to go in front of the curtain and take whatever the audience chooses to throw at me. I don't want Mr. Redford to stand in front of me. After all, when a man sets out to deal with a serious subject in a serious way he is perfectly aware of what he is doing, and he is prepared to take the responsibility of his act. More than that, no one can relieve him of that responsibility, and he does not want to be relieved of it by hiding himself behind an official, whatever may be his suitability for the office he holds.



MR. GRANVILLE BARKER, WHOSE NEW PLAY, "WASTE," HAS BEEN PROHIBITED BY THE CENSOR.

The action of the Examiner of Plays in forbidding the production of Mr. Granville Barker's "Waste," which was to have been presented at the Savoy on the 19th of next month, has aroused considerable interest, following as it does the prohibition of Mr. Garnett's "The Breaking Point." To a Press representative Mr. Barker has said of his new play: "All this I am prepared to suffer, though I naturally chafe at not even being told anything of the reason of the censor's rejection. Whether it is that important sexual questions are treated in it seriously instead of flippantly, or whether it is the political background that there is to the play to which he objects, I cannot tell." An agitation in favour of the abolition of the office of Examiner of Plays has begun, and a petition is to be presented to the Prime Minister.—[Photograph by Ernest H. Mills.]

THE HANGING SCENE IN "THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE."



MR. MATHESON LANG AS RICHARD DUDGEON, AT THE SAVOY.

It will be remembered that Mr. Matheson Lang, who is now appearing as Dick Dudgeon in "The Devil's Disciple," created the part of John Storm, founder of the much-discussed Home of Refuge, in Mr. Hall Caine's revised version of "The Christian."—[Photograph by Ellis and Watery.]

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

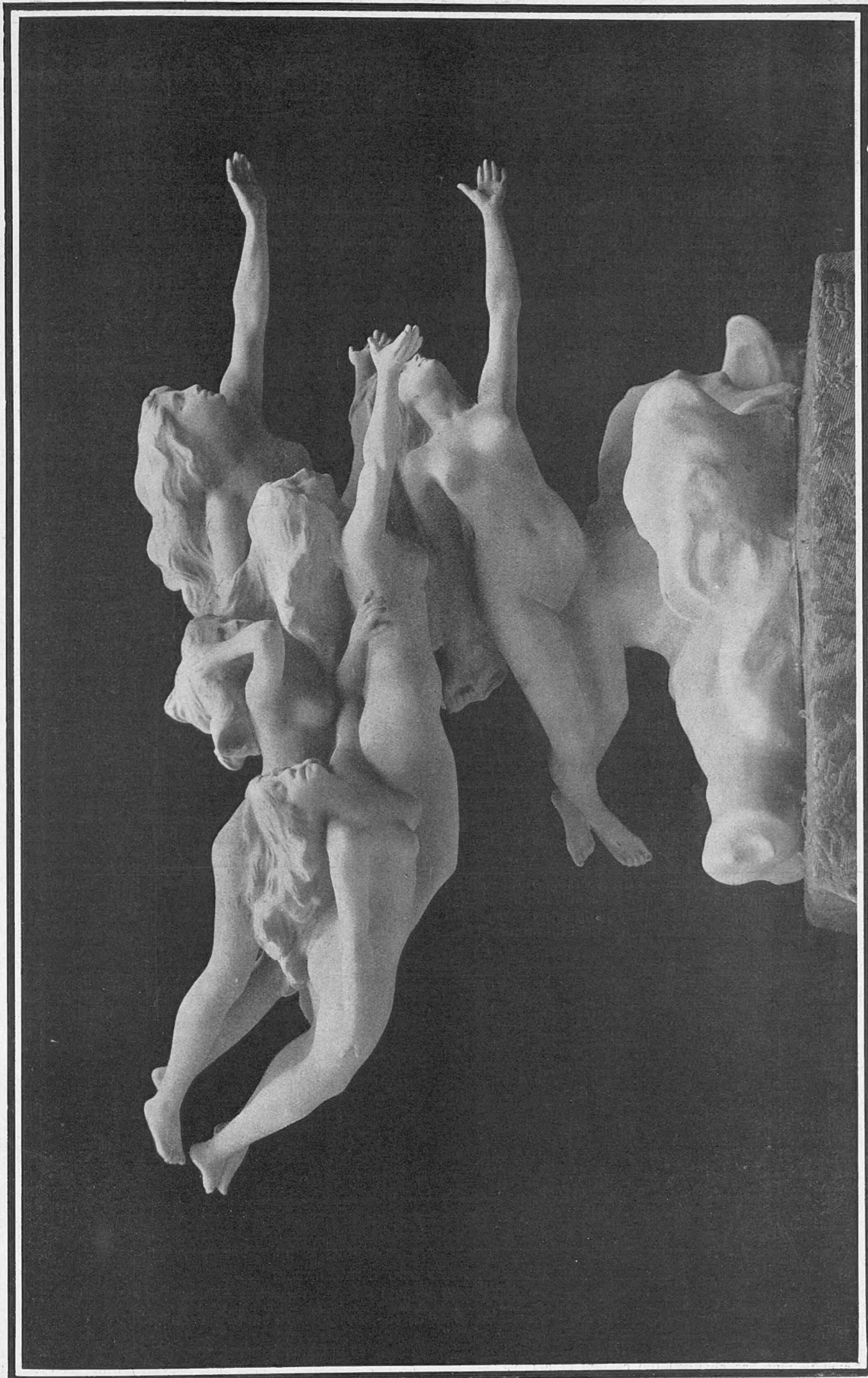
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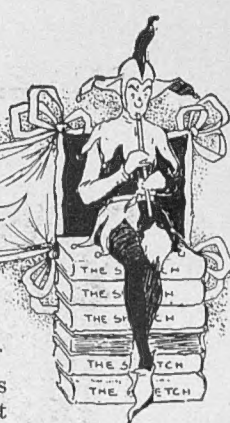


"VERS L'INFINI," BY LUIGI SALESIO: AN EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT OF SPEED AND LIGHTNESS IN MARBLE.

"Vers l'Infini" is the trophy to be presented this year with the Branger Cup for miniature motor-boats. The race is to be held this week. Competing craft may have any kind of motor, and may be of any one of three lengths: not more than 60 centimetres (about 2 feet) over all; not more than 1 metre (about 3 feet 4 inches) over all; and not more than 1 metre 50 centimetres (about 5 feet) over all.—[Photograph by the Tiptical Press.]



THE CLUBMAN



THE SAVOY AND DRESS CLOTHES—DRESS CLOTHES IN CLUBS—THE ARMENOUVILLE—AN ACTRESS AND HER HAT.

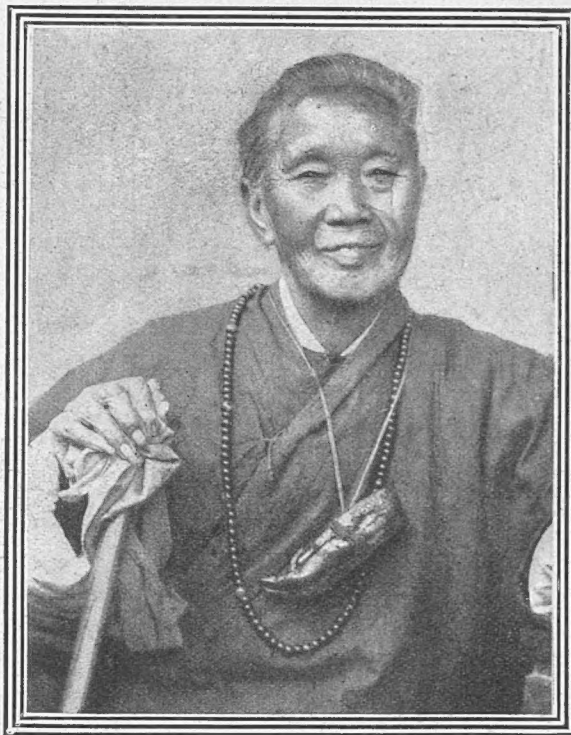
THE Savoy is holding a plébiscite of five hundred of its patrons as to whether people not in evening dress shall be allowed to dine and sup in the restaurant. I have sent my postcard to the secretary, voting against permission being given to the daws to come and sit amongst the peacocks, and I have done so because it is the good, clean custom of the British upper classes to change their clothes before eating their evening meal, and I think that visitors from other countries who come amongst us and the "cranks" of our own country should conform to that custom in places where there is an understanding that the evening parade is a full-dress one.

The question is continually cropping up in clubs, and is generally adjusted there by a little moral pressure. It would be very hard on a member of any club who was going up to Scotland by a night train if he were forbidden to dine in his club dining-room in travelling clothes, and such men may be seen every day early in the evening in all the dining-rooms. What public feeling in a club disapproves of is when some of the members, knowing that there is no rule against their dining in day clothes, do not take the trouble to go home to dress or to have their dress-clothes sent to the club dressing-rooms. It is then that the offenders are made, in half-a-hundred gentle little ways, to understand that they are going against the customs of Clubland, and they must be very stiff-necked if they persist in their evil ways.

There is little doubt that the custom of dining in dress clothes in clubs and in restaurants has changed the habits of the Englishman in this respect. Fifty years ago the typical Londoner dining at home in the bosom of his family did not change into dress clothes. Nowadays the family party is an exceptional one in which the men do not wear at dinner-time the dinner-jacket and black tie which are part of the dining dress the Englishman adopts in his own home, and when he is travelling abroad. The provinces have followed suit more slowly, but I am told that the building of a new great hotel in Manchester, which has a big palm-lounge where people sit after dinner and listen to the band, has meant that all white-shirted Manchester now wears evening clothes at night. This is a case in which a restaurant has changed the custom of a city.

The Parisian men are not likely to grumble at being asked to dine in dress clothes in any particular London restaurant, for they have in Paris one dining place where this unwritten law has always been enforced. No man ever goes to dine at the Armenouville, in

the Bois de Boulogne, without putting on his dress clothes. Why Fashion has decreed that a Frenchman may dine at any of the boulevard restaurants in *tenue de ville*, but must wear a swallow-tail coat when he drives to the big park of Paris to dine, no one knows; it is the custom, and there, to a Parisian, is the end of it.



A NUN'S OWN MUMMIFIED HAND AS A CHARM.

The Chinese nun whose photograph is here given is eighty years old. Three-and-twenty years ago, she cut off her left hand as an act of devotion to an idol, and dried the hand in the sun. Since then she has worn it round her neck in mummified condition, as a charm against evil.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

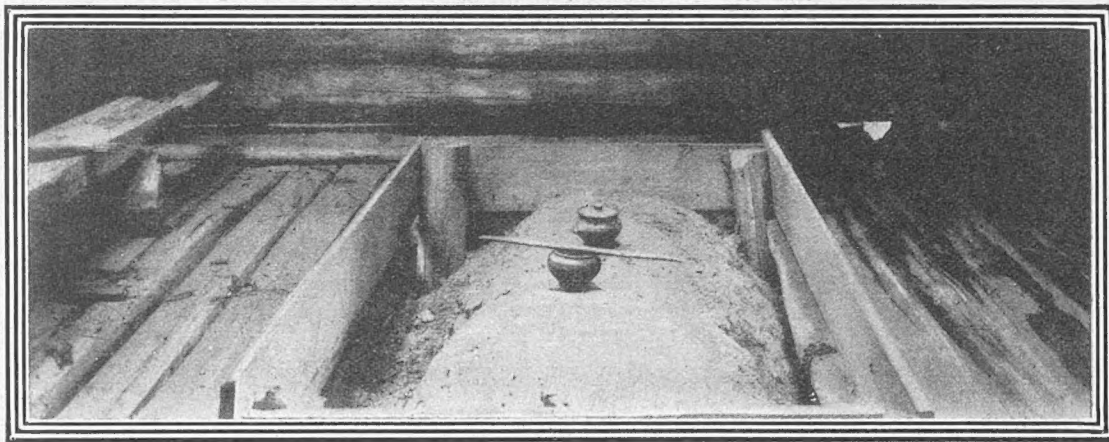
Whether the rule as to ladies not wearing their hats at dinner, which is enforced in our London "full-dress" restaurants, should be enforced is a point on which I do not feel at all certain. Everywhere except in England a lady is in full dining-dress when she is in gorgeous raiment, and is wearing one of her best hats, and I am not certain that a smart Parisian restaurant where the men are all, or nearly all, in dress clothes and the ladies are wearing brightly coloured, feathered, or garlanded hats, is not a gayer sight than a smart London restaurant with the ladies all bare-headed.

Some of the French ladies do not understand at all the prohibition in London of what they consider dinner-dress. There is one little French actress now playing in London who, as one of her first experiences in our capital, was taken out to supper, and, to do honour to the occasion, put on her largest and most gorgeous hat. Her escort looked at it doubtfully, but no doubt hoped for the best. She was stopped at the sacred portals of a restaurant, and was asked to remove her hat. What this means to a lady only those can tell who have been to matinées and have seen the display of temper when a whole

row of ladies in the stalls have been told that the people behind cannot see the stage. The little actress made a gallant attempt to be allowed to retain her headgear. She announced to the polite gentleman at the door that she was a Mohammedan, and offered to take off her shoes if only she were allowed to retain her hat. The mighty hat, however, had to be removed.

Had the little actress been a student of British history, she might have pointed out a regal precedent for a lady supping in a big hat, for it will be remembered that Mistress Eleanor Gwynn was wearing a hat as big as a

cartwheel in which to speak the epilogue when Charles II., tickled by her appearance, took her, hat and all, in his coach to sup at Whitehall. What was permitted at Whitehall Palace in the days of the Merry Monarch might, I think, be permitted at the Savoy Palace in the present year of grace. As to the plébiscite being in favour of men being obliged to wear the evening dress of civilisation in smart restaurants, I have no doubt whatever.

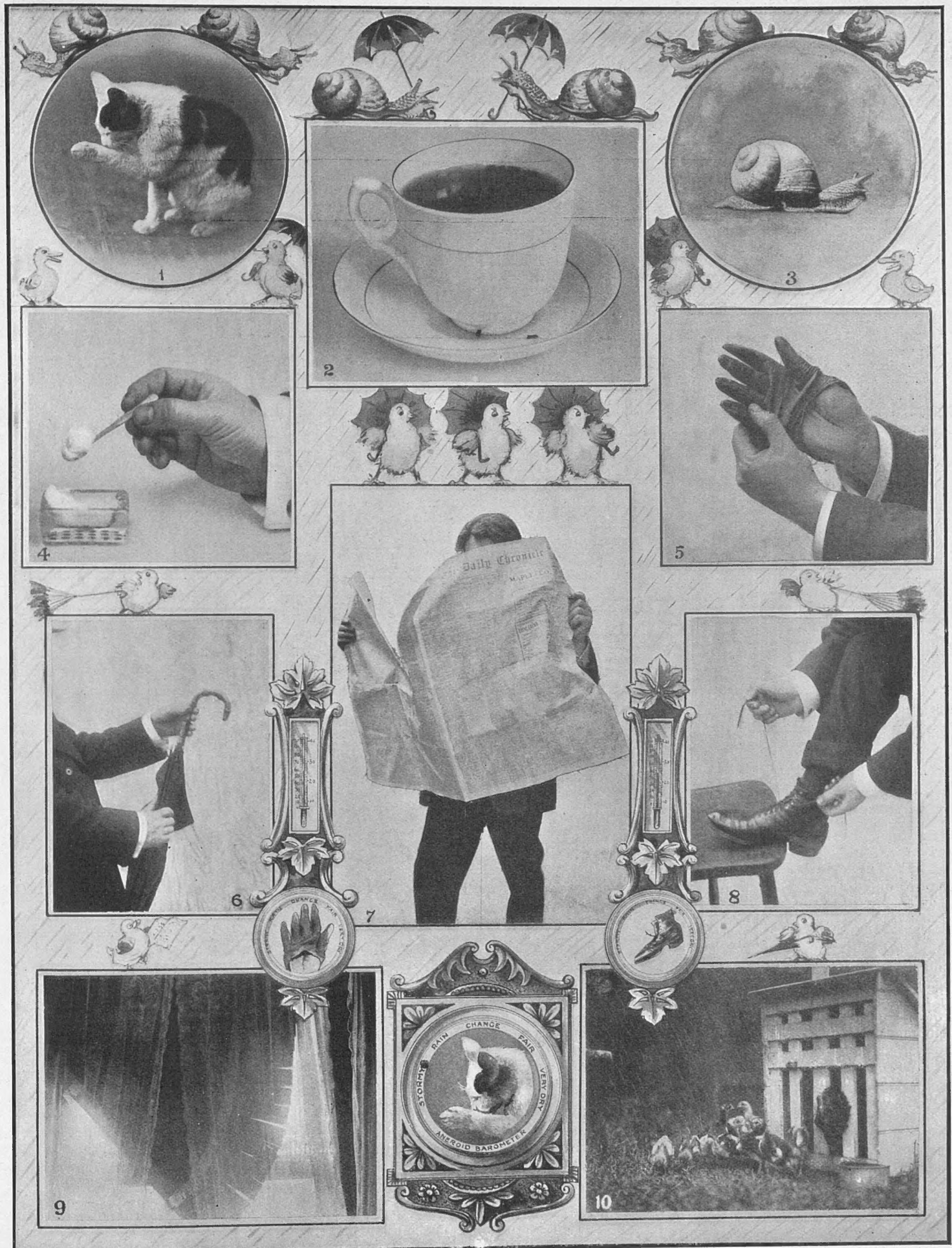


FOOD FOR A MAN WHO DIED TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Father Arsenii died some two hundred years ago, and was buried near Nijni Novgorod. His grave (here illustrated) is regarded as a shrine, and is visited daily by scores of moujiks, who place on the mound soup, bread, and salt in little earthenware pots. The food is intended for the holy man, should he suddenly awake from the dead, in accordance with his own prediction.

SNAILS AND CATS AS WEATHER EXPERTS: "WILL IT RAIN?"

STRANGE WAYS OF FORECASTING THE WEATHER.



1. WHEN A CAT LICKS ITSELF MORE THAN USUAL IT IS A SIGN THAT RAIN IS COMING.
2. ON THE APPROACH OF RAIN TEA-LEAVES LEAVE THE CENTRE OF THE CUP AND FLY TO THE SIDES.
3. SNAILS SHOW EXCEPTIONAL ACTIVITY JUST BEFORE RAIN.
4. SALT FEELS THE APPROACH OF MOISTURE IN THE AIR VERY RAPIDLY AND BECOMES DULL AND CAKEY.
5. DIFFICULTY IN GETTING THE HAND INTO THE GLOVE FORETELLS RAIN.

6. WHEN THE HANDLE OF STICK OR UMBRELLA IS CLAMMY AND STICKY RAIN MAY BE EXPECTED.
7. IF A NEWSPAPER TEARS VERY EASILY, RAIN IS IN THE AIR.
8. A BROKEN SHOE-LACK FREQUENTLY INDICATES COMING RAIN.
9. THE BREAKING OF WINDOW-BLIND CORDS IS FREQUENTLY A PREDICTION OF RAIN.
10. IF CHICKENS REMAIN OUT IN THE RAIN A STEADY DOWNPOUR MAY BE ANTICIPATED. IF THEY SEEK SHELTER HASTILY THEY EXPECT ONLY A PASSING SHOWER.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")



"THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE"—"THE MOLLUSC"—THE FRENCH PLAYS.

THE two British plays I have to deal with are poles apart. Comparison is impossible, fortunately for me. The one is the early, impudent effort of a genius to use and abuse a comparatively humble form of art and make it a vehicle for an attack upon some current ideas. The other is a curious refinement by a vastly clever man upon another, hardly higher form of art that is on the wane. In "The Devil's Disciple" Mr. Shaw tries with little success to introduce human nature. In "The Mollusc" Mr. H. H. Davies tries to keep it out, and has a partial failure. "The Mollusc" exhibits the tempered, thoughtful cleverness of the man of the world, this world; whilst "The Devil's Disciple" displays the ill-balanced genius of a man of ideas. It would be hard to say which is more amusing. There is no doubt that "The Devil's Disciple" is

the more exasperating, and to be exasperated by clever things is to be entertained. Mr. Shaw has written a preface to explain to such stupid people as the critics that his play is a threadbare popular melodrama, and he offers them a ready-made criticism to save them trouble. He treats them like weak-stomached people who must have pep-tonised food, but he is clever enough to abstain from pointing out the really rotten point in his play: the fact that Minister Anderson's exit at the end of the second act, leaving his wife to believe that he is acting like a cur when he is going to behave like a hero is one of the worst pieces of tricky manipulation ever offered to play-goers by a clever man. Still, let us be thankful to "The Devil's Disciple" for its merits, and try to forget the rest. No doubt the first act began heavily, for Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) took the melodrama seriously, and got it into a terribly wrong key;

but the reading of the will scene was quite funny—perhaps the funniest scene of the kind written since "Money" came from the pen of Lytton; it was not acted as well as it ought to have been. The last phrase applies to the whole play. Indeed, I begin to wonder whether the famous management has not over-estimated the size of the Savoy, yet the remarkable under-acting of Mr. Granville Barker seems to show that he is aware that they have not removed from the Court to Covent Garden. The second act was more thrilling at Kennington than on the Embankment; still, it went very well, and the third is terribly comic. It is not played for anything like what it is worth; nevertheless, nobody could keep back laughter during the duel of wits between Dick Dudgeon and General Burgoyne, so we had an excellent entertainment. If less than a brilliant performance, Mr. Matheson Lang as Dick has been highly praised; to me he was quite inconceivable as a New Englander of 1777, and more suggestive of one of the elegant, melancholy Byron heroes than the sturdy, grimly humorous, religious countryman. Miss Wynne Matthison was quite a satisfactory Judith, Mr. Arnold Lucy excellent as Major Swindon, and there was some merit in the Christopher of Mr. James Annand and the Essie of Miss Marjorie Day. Mr. Rann Kennedy played

Anderson soundly without being full-blooded enough; Mr. Granville Barker was painfully anæmic as General Burgoyne. There was ability in the work of Mr. Kenyon Musgrave, who played the Sergeant.

The title of the new Criterion play is rather far-fetched, and at times the talk about "molluscery" and the like seems foolish; there is nothing else to complain of in the entertaining new piece, if you judge it by its true standard. Artificial light comedy as skilful as "The Mollusc" is very amusing, if somewhat unsatisfactory, like a dinner of hors d'œuvres and sweets, such as many ladies enjoy. I think the piece would gain if played in costume, and seem more plausible. Mrs. Baxter is a very diverting person, subtler in humour than Miss Moore's part in "Mrs. Gorringer" or Mrs. Parbury, of "The Tyranny of Tears,"

her legitimate predecessors, and Miss Mary Moore's acting is quite brilliant; her scenes, as the lazy, selfish little humbug, with the strenuous, earnest Tom, played by Sir Charles—to whom the part was a mere trifle, easily handled—were quite delightfully amusing. Mr. Sam Sothern was judiciously chosen for the part of the hen-pecked husband, who has a very torpid, unholy passion for the pretty governess. His languid, tranquil manner was in perfect contrast to Tom, who had come back to the Old Country full of energy, and determined to awaken his sister, Mrs. Baxter, from her lethargy. It seemed a daring experiment to present a three-act comedy with but four characters in it, even if the play lasted only from 9.20 to about 11.5. Fortunately, not only were there three accomplished players—such as Sir Charles, Miss Mary Moore, and Mr. Sam Sothern—but a surprise was waiting for us in the fourth: a charming new-comer, Miss



THE "MEDEA" OF EURIPIDES, AT THE SAVOY: MISS EDYTH OLIVE AS MEDEA.

Professor Gilbert Murray's translation of the "Medea" of Euripides was presented at the Savoy yesterday (Tuesday) afternoon, with Miss Edyth Olive in the title rôle. The play will be repeated on seven other afternoons.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

Elaine Inescort, who took the audience by storm, thanks to her personal gifts, intelligence, and skill. It is to be hoped that the young lady's head will not be turned by the hearty and well-deserved praise which she has received, and that she will not think she has mastered her art and has no more to learn. In such a company she ought to make progress rapidly.

M. Galipaux, who has been the attraction at the Royalty Theatre for a fortnight, is a comedian of considerable gifts, and always manages to be very entertaining. In "Médor" he was admirable; a lower middle-class husband of the purely farcical type was sometimes elevated by him to the rank of comedy, and there were a few moments when the actor showed real emotional powers. "Cham-pignol Malgré Lui" is a farce which has no place for emotion, and M. Galipaux is content to be funny. As Count St. Florimond he hardly suggests a person of breeding—in fact, when he is haled off as a conscript in the place of another, he manages to conceal his aristocratic birth better than the authors can have intended. But the whole barrack scene is amusing, and it has the merit of being rather off the beaten track.

A PERFORMANCE THAT CAUSED A FATAL CRUSH.



MME. MARIA GAY AND SIGNOR ZENATELLO IN "CARMEN," AN APPEARANCE THAT ATTRACTED 8000 PEOPLE TO A SINGLE PERFORMANCE.

In July and August of this year, Mme. Maria Gay, generally recognised as the ideal Carmen, appeared in the opera with Signor Zenatello in Buenos Ayres, Monte Video, San Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, and other important places in South America. The success of this combination of the two artists in "Carmen" was remarkable, and the houses were invariably full. At San Paulo the management announced an extra performance, whereupon no fewer than 8000 people besieged the box-office from four o'clock in the morning. At the evening performance the crush was so great that several people were killed and many injured.

Photographs lent by the Concert Direction Daniel Mayer.

SMALL TALK



THE HON. MRS. A. R. SHOLTO DOUGLAS, DAUGHTER OF COLONEL WALTER PEAKE, D.S.O., WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY.

Photograph by Henson.

Princess Joanna, daughter of James I. Lord Morton now lives chiefly at Loddington Hall, Leicester, but he has a fine place, Dalmahoy, near Edinburgh. His stepmother, who was an Extra Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Alexandra, lived there a long time, and only died this year. The bride is also well known in the hunting county of Leicestershire, for she is the daughter of Colonel Walter Peake, D.S.O., of Burrough, Melton Mowbray.

The Duchess's Creamery.

The Duchess of Abercorn, whose creamery at Baronscourt is doing a thriving trade with the big liners and with certain London hotels, is an aunt of Lord Howe, and a sister of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Assheton Curzon-Howe and of Lady Emily Kingscote, one of the Queen's Women of the Bedchamber. The Duchess herself was Queen Alexandra's Lady-in-Waiting, and her Majesty stood sponsor to her first daughter, Lady Alexandra Hamilton. Although when the Duke had Hampden House her Grace often proved how charming a hostess she was, it is no secret that she prefers a quiet family life at Baronscourt, surrounded by her children and grandchildren. Her eldest son, Lord Hamilton, and his eldest son, little Lord Paisley, who is three years old, are both godsons of the King.

Musurus Pasha.

It is to be hoped that the broken kneecap for which the Turkish Ambassador has had to undergo an operation will soon be made whole. His Excellency may be considered a Londoner by adoption, for he was only ten years old when his father was established here as Turkish Ambassador, in the

year of the Great Exhibition. Musurus Pasha's first diplomatic appointment was to the Rome Embassy. He held at one time the Byronic title of Prince of Samos, and four years ago the Sultan created him Vizir, the highest rank of civil officialdom in Turkey. His Excellency has a kindly, thoughtful expression; he is married to a Greek lady (Marie, daughter of the late Sir John Antoniadis, K.C.M.G.), who

does the honours of the Embassy in Portland Place with singular charm.

Two Interesting Engagements.

The latest engagements—that of Lady Cynthia Crewe-Milnes to the Hon. George Colville, and that of Lady Constance Scott to the Hon. Douglas Cairns—are full of interest to Society. Lord Crewe's daughter is twin with Lady Celia Coates, the wife of Captain E. C. Coates, of the 15th Hussars, and is the last of the Lord President's children to be married. She is very clever and charming, and is much attached to her youthful stepmother, *née* Lady Peggy Primrose. Mr. Colville is the youngest son of the late Lord Colville of Culross, and is a barrister. Lady Constance Scott is the younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and has, of course, been much with her parents since Lady Katharine Brand's marriage. Mr. Cairns, who is a younger son of the great Lord Chancellor Cairns, is the brother and heir-presumptive of the present Earl.

Mrs. Richard Le Gallienne.

Mrs. Richard Le Gallienne, the wife of the well-known writer, will shortly set up a real hat-shop in Paris. It is sure to do well, for she herself did not disdain to begin at the beginning, working in a Paris modiste's atelier until she had acquired all those "beggary elements" of hat-making which it is so dangerous to despise. Mrs. Le Gallienne, as



A DUCHESS WHO HAS OPENED A CREAMERY: THE DUCHESS OF ABERCORN.

Her Grace's creamery is at Baronscourt, and she supplies milk and dairy produce to London hotels and to some of the ocean liners.—[Photograph by Bullingham]



APPOINTED COMMISSIONER TO INVESTIGATE THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE LABOURERS ON THE PANAMA CANAL: MISS GERTRUDE BEEKS.

The American Secretary of War has appointed Miss Beeks as inspector of the food and housing arrangements of the labourers employed on the Panama works; and she is to report also on the amusements that are provided for the men.

dain to begin at the beginning, working in a Paris modiste's atelier until she had acquired all those "beggary elements" of hat-making which it is so dangerous to despise. Mrs. Le Gallienne, as many people know, is a Dane, born Miss Julie Norregard, and her marriage to Mr. Le Gallienne took place ten years ago, the year after he published "The Quest of the Golden Girl." Like her husband, she has written a good deal for the *Star*; in fact, she has been a very clever and capable journalist, corresponding for Danish papers as well as contributing to the English Press.



A POET'S WIFE AS MILLINER: MRS RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Mrs. Le Gallienne has abandoned literature in order that she may start a milliner's shop. The hats she is to turn out are to be built on "artistic lines."—[Photograph by F. Ruse.]



HIS EXCELLENCY STEFANAKI MUSURUS PASHA, THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR, WHO FELL AND BROKE A KNEE-CAP THE OTHER DAY.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

THE PREACHER OF SERMONS IN PAINT TO MARRY.



MR. SIGISMUND GOETZE (WHO IS ENGAGED TO MISS CONSTANCE SCHWEICH),
WITH HIS PICTURE "THE GREATEST OF THESE."

The engagement of Mr. Sigismund Goetze is of great interest, not only to his brother-artists, but also to the large public to whom his powerful allegorical pictures make so direct an appeal. Something of Doré, something of Sir Noel Paton, yet most of all his own individuality have gone to compose Mr. Goetze's sermons in paint. The future Mrs. Goetze is Constance, only daughter of the late Mr. Leopold Schweich, and niece of the world-famous scientist, Dr. Ludwig Mond, the managing director of Brunner, Mond, and Co. It is an interesting fact that the families are already connected, for Dr. Mond's son, Mr. Alfred Mond, M.P. for Chester, married Miss Violet Goetze.



MISS LUCY PLAYFAIR, WHO IS ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN LIONEL SOLTAU-SYMONS.

Photograph by Weiss and Co.

of his nephew's ability, and the young Prince has in the last year or two, with the utmost tact and grace, discharged the duty of representing his Majesty on ceremonial occasions at foreign Courts.

Three Reigning Monarchs.

It is understood that there will be no fewer than three reigning Sovereigns and their consorts staying at Sandringham early next month. for the King and Queen of Norway as well as the King and Queen of Spain are coming to pay their Majesties of England a visit. They are expected to remain for King Edward's birthday celebrations, but will leave before the German Emperor and Empress arrive. King Haakon, of course, has particularly tender associations with Sandringham, where he and his bright and charming Queen still keep their cottage *ornée*. No doubt, Prince Olaf will accompany his parents, to the delight of his cousins of Wales; but, of course, the baby Prince of Asturias is the important child - visitor this time. His headquarters will be at Kensington Palace with his grandmother, Princess Henry of Battenberg.

Belgian Royal Jewels.

The sale of some of the late Queen Marie Henriette's jewels, fixed for tomorrow (the 24th), seems to have shocked public opinion in Belgium. The Courts have decided that the creditors of Princess Louise, who was married to Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg, were entitled to distraint on certain personal property of her mother, the late Queen. But it seems extraordinary that a lace veil presented by the women of Belgium on her late Majesty's silver wedding, and a diadem of 116 brilliants given on the same occasion, should be included. The Princess, whose sad history is well known—notably her confinement in a



A QUEEN'S JEWELS TO BE SOLD TO DEFRAY HER DAUGHTER'S DEBTS. PRINCESS LOUISE OF COBURG, FOR THE BENEFIT OF WHOSE CREDITORS THE GEMS OF QUEEN MARIE HENRIETTE OF BELGIUM ARE TO BE PUT UP FOR AUCTION.

The jewels in question were confiscated by legal procedure, and they are to be put up for auction, as King Leopold has refused to redeem them at a heavy price. The lots include a miniature of the King, in the form of a brooch studded with 500 brilliants and diamonds; a collar consisting of a rope of large diamonds and three Hungarian opals, and a superb diadem.

Photograph by Erwin Raupp.

sanatorium and her dramatic escape—is said to be very extravagant, and to have incurred debts amounting to £180,000 in two years. She is tall, handsome, knows how to dress, and has a great dislike to railways. She generally travels in the expensive, old-fashioned way of posting, with relays of horses and mounted servants.

Miss Playfair's Engagement.

Miss Playfair's engagement to Captain Lionel Soltau-Symons is of special interest to Army people. The bride, who bears the pretty, simple names of Lucy Jessie, is the only daughter of Colonel Lord

CAPTAIN LIONEL SOLTAU-SYMONS, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MISS LUCY PLAYFAIR

Photograph by Weiss and Co.



HOW A KING MAY WEAR HIS RANSOM ON HIS COAT: THE SHAH OF PERSIA, WITH HIS DIAMOND "BREASTPLATES."

The gems owned by the Shah are as many as they are magnificent, and his Majesty indulges his taste for the glittering baubles on all possible occasions. Even his frock-coat is not permitted to go unadorned, and even when he is in undress uniform, as in our photograph, his Majesty is jewel-studded.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

One of the bridegroom's half-sisters is married to Lord Lilford, and another to one of the Hampshire Pophams.

Mufti's Hallmark. The correspondents at Teheran tell all manner of distressful stories as to the condition of the Persian revenues, but the Shah has always half-a-dozen fortunes up his sleeve. And not invariably there. Upon the breast of the sober black frock-coat in which he is pleased to invest himself as a token of Westernising he occasionally displays the worth of a king's ransom in jewels. It would be incongruous in anybody but the Shah. My lady could not wear her tiara with her short walking-skirt, nor the King his crown when sporting the kilt. It is different with the Shah, who is a sartorial law unto himself. When his grandfather was over here an Englishman came suddenly upon him, leading a procession along a darkish corridor in the Bank of England. The stranger did not know the potentate from Adam, but upon the royal fez gleamed a diamond in comparison with which the Koh-i-Noor seemed Brummagem. Then, "Lo! I have seen the Shah with his vestments jewelled," said that startled Briton.

Colonel Lord Playfair, and granddaughter of the eminent savant who first showed King Edward the wonders of science at Edinburgh University. The bride's father preferred the profession of arms to the laboratory, but it is significant that he joined the Artillery, one of the scientific branches of the service. For some years he was in command of the coast defences of Scotland. The bridegroom, who started in the Durham Light Infantry, and is now of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, is the younger son of Mr. G. W. C. Soltau-Symons, of Chaddlewood, Devon. This is a very old county family.

"ALL THE BOYS WERE JEALOUS O' ME."

(FROM HARRY LAUDER'S "ROB ROY MACINTOSH.")



MR. AND MRS. HARRY LAUDER.

Photograph by the Philco Publishing Co.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Cowardice and the Captain.

There is a panic in the suburbs; the enterprising burglar has put the fear almost of death upon his victims. And the latter cry out that Mr. Sikes should have the cat when caught; that the police should be specially rewarded for catching him, and so forth. As to the latter suggestion, welcome to all police, one worthy fellow suggests that it should be retrospective, to apply to his breaking up of one of the most successful gangs of modern days. The gang worked from the suburbs for miles into the country; they cleared half-a-dozen or more houses a night. There was a reign of terror in the country. Next door but one to a country police-station lived a newly settled resident and his wife—a retired sea-captain, come home with his savings to dwell in peace on shore. The burglaries caused him the greatest trepidation; he implored the police to keep a careful watch upon his house, in which, he said, was much treasure, gathered in many expeditions. The police assured him that he, at any rate, should be safe, seeing that he lived but a stride from their headquarters.

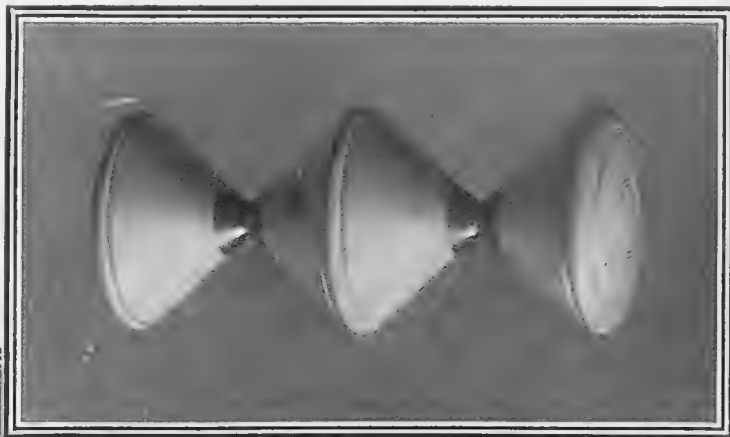
The Little Minister.

The burglaries continued, and the police were at their wits' end. Late one night a country sergeant held up a man

The Price of Loyalty.

A letter to the Foreign Office directs attention to a possible danger in the China-for-the-Chinese movement, in so far as it affects the Customs. Candidates, it is pointed out, will have to buy success, and make up for it by illegal exactions and other forms of corruption. Sir Evelyn Wood has not alluded to the subject in his *Times* articles on the Mutiny, but it is on record that something of this character in India helped to make many of the native soldiers turn against us who would otherwise have remained faithful. The late Sir Montagu Gerard had it from native officers that this was the case. For the perpetual smartening-up of uniforms, saddlery and equipments, to gain favourable reports from inspecting Generals, the cost had to come from the privates' pockets. They could not afford it out of their insignificant pay; hence they were perpetually in debt, and had nothing to hope for by continuing in our service.

The Ghost of Lord St. Helier Cromwell. If the shade of Lord St. Helier makes a practice of revisiting the Law Courts, it must have been as surprised as the friends he knew, present in the flesh, when they saw the bungled inscription upon the plinth of his bust. Spirits do



THE DOUBLE DIABOLO.

TWO DEVILS ON TWO STICKS! DOUBLE DIABOLO—THE NEWEST GAME.

Double Diabolo is the invention of Mr. P. A. Vaile, the well-known New Zealand author, who is now in England in connection with his scheme for the encouragement of rifle-shooting, and the publication of his book, "Wake Up, England!"

Photographs by Reinhold Thiele.



RUNNING THE DOUBLE DIABOLO UP THE CORDS.

who, in the nicest way, explained that he was on his way to the nearest station to catch the last train. He passed on, while the sergeant scratched his head. "Dash my buttons! but there ain't no such train; it went an hour ago," thought the officer—and he pelted after the parson. "'Alf a mo', Sir, while I have another look at you, Sir," he said, laying a strong hand on the minister's shoulder. The minister angrily protested, and wrenched himself free. As he did so a frightful-looking knife dropped out of his sleeve. That was enough for his adversary, who took him forthwith to the head station for the district—the office adjoining the house of the timorous captain. Next morning, when the local inspector came on duty he went to look at the parson. "Great Scott, it's the sea-captain from next door but one," he said. And it was—the captain who had begged the police to watch his house. They did watch it now, from the inside, and found the proceeds of half-a-hundred burglaries—watches and jewellery and other property sufficient to fill a hand-cart. The captain-parson, who proved to be an old convict and head of a gang, is now serving a long sentence.

creeping quietly through the village. On flashing his light the officer was horrified to see that he had stopped a man in clerical garb—a mild-looking little minister,

take offence over these little things, we are to believe. One trembles to think what the spirit of Cromwell must have done to avenge a slight of which the City was guilty when it decided, not very enthusiastically, to set up a statue to Charles II. He at the time was heavily in debt to Sir Robert Viner, a prime mover in the matter. Sir Robert was a careful soul. Having acquired as a job lot a statue representing John Sobieski trampling on the Turk, he had it altered to depict Charles II. pleasantly engaged in trampling on Cromwell.

The Scholar's Lament.

Guests at the Christ's Hospital banquet to-night may be thankful that the Cecil chef is given a freer hand with the menu than the old-school cook of whom a Christ's Hospital scholar once sang—

Sunday all saints,
Monday all souls,
Tuesday all trenchers,
Wednesday all bowls,
Thursday tough Jack,
Friday no better,
Saturday pea-soup with bread-and-butter.

This being the day for all bowls, it can be but hoped that they will be well filled.



READY TO START SPINNING THE DOUBLE DIABOLO.

THE DIABOLICALNESS OF THE DIABOLIC DIABOLO.



THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE D—.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MISS MURIEL WYLFORD, who is playing in "Irene Wycherley" at the Kingsway Theatre, was the first English actress to appear in San Francisco after the earthquake. The company of which she was a member arrived in the city just after the catastrophe, and a small music-hall was utilised for the performance, which drew enormous audiences. During her last engagement in Philadelphia, only a short time ago, Miss Wylford had an experience which, happily, does not fall to the lot of many actresses. Her dressing-room was above the stage-level, and the door was a heavy iron one, to prevent any sound made by the occupant of the room reaching the stage. One night after Miss Wylford had changed her dress, her maid went down to the stage to find out when it was time for the actress to go down and make her entrance. In leaving the room, she caused the latch to drop, and when she returned it was impossible for her to get into the room or for Miss Wylford to get out. To go back to the stage and get a skeleton-key, or to find a mechanic who would be able to break the lock, would obviously take too much time. Under the circumstances, Miss Wylford decided to do the only thing possible. She got out of the window on to the fire-escape and climbed down to the street, to the intense delight of the passers-by, who, naturally, had never before seen an actress make an entrance on to the stage by that circuitous way. Meantime, the actors who were expecting their colleague spent two or three miserable minutes gagging for all they were worth.

"An actor-manager's labourer" is the humorous way in which Mr. H. Nye Chart, who has made so gratifying a success in "Fiander's Widow," describes himself. He is probably the only actor who has never had to go on the stage, for the simple reason that he was born in a room which is now part of the Theatre Royal, Brighton. So he "just located," as they say in America, and has been there ever since. He probably also holds another record as having made his debut at an earlier age than any other present member of his profession, for he has a programme in which his name appears as taking the part of John Bingley junior

in "The Old Postboy," at the Theatre Royal, Brighton. As he was only ten months old at the time, it can hardly be said that he began his career by "walking on."

Although not entrusted with a speaking part, Mr. Nye Chart gagged on that occasion and protested vehemently against what some people consider the inartistic custom of taking a call in front of the curtain. He had, however, to obey the clamorous voice of the public, which, in anticipation of his success, armed itself with toys to present to him. His nurse actually received a black eye in protecting him from a skilfully fired horse-and-cart, or some other equally inappropriate but well-meant offering.

It was while acting with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in America that Mr. and Mrs. Nye Chart—Miss Violet Raye, who has been acting Mrs. Calvert's

was angry, and, as Mr. Nye Chart says, it is not good to anger officials in America.

Mr. A. W. Baskcomb, who plays Edmund Siddons in "The Gay Gordons," is essentially one of the Barrie actors, for he has appeared in no fewer than six of that author's plays. He was the original representative of Slightly Soiled in "Peter Pan," and the Clown in "Pantaloons." In connection with the latter he had the unique experience of appearing in two command performances of the same play at Windsor and Sandringham, and was presented with a scarf-pin by the King, to whom his father was clerk for twenty-one years.

Like so many other actors, Mr. Baskcomb started his career in the late Miss Sarah Thorne's dramatic school, and on one occasion the company was playing "Jessie Brown; or, the Relief of Lucknow." Not having enough

MR. ROY HORNIMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE EDUCATION OF ELIZABETH," NOW BEING PLAYED AT THE APOLLO.

Photograph by Dover St. Studios.

pupils to form the enemy, Miss Thorne suddenly remembered at the final rehearsal that she had half-a-dozen pantomime heads which were disengaged in the store-room. She immediately gave instructions that they should be engaged for the performance and placed on poles, with night-shirts attached to them by way of clothing. A trap-door was opened, and three stage hands were directed to go below and, at a given signal, to push the heads up and down behind the stone parapet. At the crucial moment of the play Jessie Brown exclaimed: "Look! look! the enemy are upon us!" That was the cue for the men below. Up bobbed the grotesque heads, some with large rings through their noses and ears, and all looking serenely happy, and conveying no idea of being at enmity with anyone. They certainly conveyed no

idea of ever being repulsed, for the harder the actors who represented the starving garrison struck them with the butt-end of their rifles, the more persistent they became, and the longer in the neck they appeared to grow. The sensational episode, as it was called in the programme, was received with roars of laughter, and quite upset the representative of Sir Henry Havelock and his solitary piper, who had arrived on the top of a ginger-beer box at the back to form the tableau.

MR. HUBERT HENRY DAVIES, AUTHOR OF "THE MOLLUSC," PRODUCED AT THE CRITERION LAST WEEK (AGED 31).

Photograph by Dover St. Studios.

THREE OF OUR YOUNG PLAYWRIGHTS.



MR. ANTHONY P. WHARTON, AUTHOR OF "IRENE WYCHERLEY" (AGED 28).

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

part in "Fiander's Widow"—were married in Boston. On going to the town-hall for the purpose, Mr. Nye Chart was given certain papers to fill in. One column was headed "Name," another "Age," a third "Address," and so on. These were easily filled. Then came a column headed "Colour." The actor was done. He had never previously given a thought to his colour, although he knew exactly what colour he felt just then. After a moment's confused thought, he wrote "Pink." It nearly stopped the ceremony, for the official

PRESENCE OF MIND!



VI.- INGENUITY OF A WAYFARER IN FINDING A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE WAX VESTA.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

GEORGE ELIOT has weathered the recriminations of Carlyle, and survived Madame Bodichon's remark that in the future all cultured women might write such novels as "Adam Bede." And now a critic, speaking of Mr. Birrell's praises, says that "This naming of Jane Austen and George Eliot together puts me in a rage." And he quotes Madame Bodichon. But he has forgotten Charles Reade, who companions him in his "raging." In a private letter concerning an admiring article on George Eliot in an American magazine, Reade wrote—

You side with fools and liars against me. You have published, without a word of disclaimer, a diatribe in which George Eliot is described as the first of English novelists. And this in a monthly which contains a story by me! It does appear strange to me that you, who have got the cock-salmon, should allow this ass to tell your readers that the trout is a bigger fish than the cock-salmon. . . . I will only add that in all her best novels the best idea is stolen from me, and her thefts are not confined to ideas and situations; they go as far as similes, descriptions, and lines of text. Believe me, the pupil is never above her master."

How unlike are the portraits of George Sand in late life! Readers of Annie Thackeray's delightful Recollections must remember her glimpse of the elderly George Sand, sitting in a Paris Theatre, with a hard, red face and hard, black hair, gloomily returning the charming bow and wave of Fanny Kemble. Mrs. Browning saw George Sand, and, having a sentimental expectation of something beautiful, was disappointed to find a woman with a coarse mouth receiving the homage of hand-kissing from fifth-rate men of letters.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, in her just-published Memoirs, has a different portrait of her—

A sweet, charming creature, extremely timid. She did not talk much, but smoked all the time. Her large eyes were always dreamy, and her mouth, which was heavy and common, had the kindest expression. She had, perhaps, a medium-sized figure, but she was no longer upright. I used to watch her with the most romantic affection.

The present writer has a photograph of the fervid novelist, taken either in the late 'sixties or about that time. It shows a woman with large, fallen cheeks, deeply scored lines on each side of a pendent mouth, deep semicircular lines under the heavy eyes, hair elaborately waved.

Prince Napoleon ("Plon-Plon") was calling on the novelist at the theatre when the young Sarah Bernhardt was present. A Republican, taking leave, and willing to assert his politics, addressed the Prince thus—"Sir, you are sitting on my gloves!" "The Prince," says Madame Bernhardt, "scarcely moved, pulled the gloves out, and, throwing them on the floor, remarked—"I thought this seat was clean." Madame Bernhardt, by the way, has a peculiar habit—shall I call it feline, or only Parisian?—of mentioning every woman as "charming" of whom she is about to relate something rather unflattering, whether a vulgarity of manner or a

"commonness" of mouth, or what not. The literary anecdotes among her Recollections are strangely few, and she does not publicly confess, what she often privately declares, that Mr. Wells is her favourite author.

The tragedian had, however, a bout with a poet when she first landed at Folkestone in the 'seventies. One of her companions, with whom she was not a favourite, said to her in a spiteful tone, "They'll make you a carpet of flowers soon." "Here is one," exclaimed a

young man, throwing an armful of lilies on the ground in front of Sarah—

I stopped short [she tells us], rather confused, not daring to walk on these white flowers; but the crowd pressing on behind compelled me to advance, and the poor lilies had to be trodden under foot. "Hip, hip, hurrah! A cheer for Sarah Bernhardt!" shouted the young man. His head was above all other heads; he had luminous eyes and long hair, and looked like a German student. He was an English poet, though, and one of the greatest of the century, a poet who was a genius, but who was, alas! tortured and finally vanquished by madness. It was Oscar Wilde.

So that Sarah, divinely energetic on the stage, abates nothing of her energy in the pages of her Memoirs. She who has been frantic with the tears or laughter of make-believe explains on every page and in every incident that the Sarah of real life is no less emotional. She recounts how, with her nails, fists, feet, "and all my poor body," she flew at a rebuking nun in the days of her childhood. Later in life, it is not only one masculine cheek that is smacked; not once only does she wish her enemies evil. Indeed, so interested is Mme. Bernhardt in her own bad temper that it is surprising not to find the tale of a certain famous horse-whipping in pages that are otherwise so lashed with excitement. But I, not ravenous of strife, am well content with Madame Bernhardt's book just as it is—eminently sincere, and containing much that is amiable to balance the many smackings and the profuse abuse.

Three admirable magazines are dead. The Gentleman's had lived to a great and honourable old age, with the Chestertonian figure of Dr. Johnson in the background of its early days; the passing of *Macmillan's* has already claimed the paragraphical tear. This epidemic of death, which had already destroyed the *Monthly Review*, a magazine which contrived to publish an unprecedented percentage of readable articles, is likely, says Dame Run our, to claim yet one more victim. My experience was that the hour of bed-reading, which is ended by a dimness of vision and a slipping away of the volume from a relaxed grasp never sufficed to empty the *Monthly* of its attractive matter. True, its passing was announced by Mr. John Murray in terms lacking the clang of absolute finality. "The publication of the *Monthly Review* has been suspended for the present." But that is not evidence on which we would suspend a cat—much less will it bring to life a review.

M. E.



THE SKIPPER'S WOOING.

DRAWN BY STANGER PRITCHARD.

IT DIDN'T TURN A HAIR!



MR. CHIP (*of Cheapside, pensively*) : Strange—strange! Who'd have thought death would have changed a hare so?

DRAWN BY V. N. SMITH.

TWO NOVELS IN A NUTSHELL.

THE CUNNING OF CHINDHU: A BURMAN STORY.

BY CLOTILDE GRAVES.

THE wife of a pious Shan said to him at the morning meal—
 "Rice and no sauce is all there will be for thee at sunset. The sour and sweet *kari* is all eaten up, and of the well-peppered *napi* thou lovest, made as my mother taught me, of stinking fish and ancient shrimps well fermented together, this is the last bowlful, so make much of it."

Now one of the seventeen methods of obtaining merit by doing nothing is not to answer when provoked to speech by a female relative. Therefore the pious Shan only grunted, and finished the remaining food. Upon which his wife became angry, and cried:

"My father's hen laid her egg upon cotton, and consequently my father became poor. Had he remained rich, would he have given me in marriage to a beggar like thee? I trow not."

And she jerked away the mats with temper, so that Chindhu's heels flew up, and, in the act of rising, he sat upon the floor with violence. Then he lifted up his voice and said—

"O woman, consider the miseries of human nature, the perishableness of earthly things, and put away from thee all carnal desires, aspiring only to the Three Most Excellent Things. What matters the lack of *kari* or of *napi*, if thou hast these?"

But the woman cried, and complained that neither were tea, sweetmeats, nor betel, nor dried ants, nor fried grubs, nor any other kind of luxury to be had in her husband's house when she was first wedded, and now the necessities of life were lacking. And that the virtuous Chindhu was an idler who did nothing but read good books like the Sotan, or Rule of Life, and let his wife and children perish neglected.

And the pious Shan, who was yet imperfect in that he suffered himself to be swayed by the counsel of a female, cried—

"But dam that ever-gurgling stream, thy speech, awhile, and fresh-caught fish thou shalt have for the making of thy *napi*, and new-killed cow-meat for thy stew-pot ere sunset, else may I never attain to the Nirvan!"

And the Burman woman was silent and satisfied, and sat down to her hand-weaving without another word, because the curse that her husband had called down upon himself in case of failure made it imperative there should be none, for who would creep as worm or beetle or louse to the End Without Ending? But she wondered how her husband would keep his word, seeing it was unlawful for so holy a man to kill even the meanest animal under penalty of condemnation to one of the greater hells, there to be continually sawn with fiery scythes into sixteen pieces for the course of one thousand infernal years. And Chindhu was disturbed and groaned inwardly, saying—

"Truly, a wise man should shun marriage as a bed of burning coals, and leave a single trail in the jungle of life—as the rhinoceros. Surely this calamity is the work of an unfriendly Nat—that I should be self-doomed to sin in the catching of live fish and the slaying of a cow—else never attain to the Nirvan."

And he slept not through the noon-heats, for the mats seemed full of prickles, and arose unrefreshed, and eagerly sought out those neighbours who might have old and high-flavoured *napi* or well-seasoned dead meat to sell. But the men had none, nor had the women that commonly sold such articles in the *bazar*. And Chindhu sate in the shade under a mango-tree and pondered in this wise—

"Seeing that two kinds of works, the good and the bad, and these alone, accompany a man through his transmigrations in future worlds, in the same way as a shadow follows the earthly body, shall I lose the chance of transportation to the seats of the Nats, and incur perpetual condemnation to the condition of a base animal or a creeping thing, because of a carping feminine and her empty cookpot? Woe is me! Were there no women upon earth, then Padésa trees would grow, and sanctity be easily attained."

And he would have pulled out his beard without tweezers had there been any hairs to pull, but that a Nat who dwelt in the mango-tree in whose shade the virtuous Chindhu squatted was moved to take pity upon him, and appeared to him in the shape and habit of a Ponghi, saying—

"Why is thy mind like a small boat floating upon a great and rapid river, agitated with furious tempests and spinning in hideous whirlpools?"

And Chindhu, seeing the divine effulgence which proceeded from the body of the stranger, knew him for a Nat, and beating his bosom, poured forth the matter; and the Nat said—

"O Chindhu, thou, to spare thyself further nagging, hast licked

the honey of peace from the edge of a sharp *dali*—swearing to violate the first of the Five Commandments of the Master, and be guilty of an evil deed of the First Class, or forfeit the Nirvan. Truly, he who marries a wife is as he who throws himself into a deep pond with a vessel of earthenware tied about his neck. Yet because of the divers good works thou hast performed; and the alms thou hast not denied to the holy, I will enable thee to carry out thy vow and escape the penalty thou didst invoke upon thyself. Wherefore, regain that intrepidity and serenity of mind which good men preserve amidst the Eight Calamities of Life, and taking with thee a weighted net, get thee to the stream. But in sinking thy trap of meshes in the current take heed to warn the fishes in a loud voice that peril attends the entering, and even death in the frying-pan. So shall thou be guiltless of the killing of the creatures, and even meritorious in the fourth degree by reason of having warned them."

And the Nat vanished, with thunder and lightning, and a violent smell, so that Chindhu knew him certainly for a Nat, and prostrating himself seven times, kissed the earth where his feet had rested. And he secretly procured a net weighted with stones, and went to the stream, and, unseen of any eye but that of the Lord Gautama, tucked up his venerable garments, and wading in, set the net in a likely place. And as he set it he cried—

"O fish, take counsel, and avoid entering this net, lest ye be taken out of the water and fried, and pounded in a mortar with chillies by the unreliable feminine. Be warned, O fish, and enable me to procure merit!"

And repeating these words the aged Chindhu sate him by the stream-side. But the fishes of the stream, being curious and giddy creatures, did not heed his warning, but hurried into the net in shoals, and nine times Chindhu set the meshes against the onset of the current, repeating the same words, and nine times drew it forth filled with silvery and red-spotted troutlings. And gazing on the spoil his heart was filled with joy, and then pinched with sadness, and he groaned—

"Fish here—fish-meat in plenty, but of cow and cow-flesh, none. What use in half-aid, O Nat! Dost thou draw me to the lip of the precipice, only to let me fall to the bottom?"

And as he grumbled he heard one of the fishes speak with a thin gasping voice, and the fish said, "Catch the cow with the hook that caught the fish, O Chindhu!"

And Chindhu perceived by this that the Nat was at his elbow, and he rebuked himself for want of faith in Higher Powers, and buried his store of fish by the brook-side to putrefy pleasantly and deliciously, and selected a stick from faggot of cut wood; and as this he did, along the beaten jungle-path to a spot where it divided into two paths came an old woman, extremely bent and hideous, and dried with the smoke of many birth-fires, driving a plump young buffalo-cow. (And this was the Nat in another shape, though Chindhu knew it not.) And she covered her mouth with her hand, and drew out of the path respectfully, and smote the cow upon the rump to make her choose the left path; but the cow blundered into the right one, and though driven into the other, yet returned, and the old woman cried out in a rage—

"O widow of a cow whom I left my weaving to drive to the grazing swamp, wilt thou choose the stony precipice rather than the muddy field? Would that a man's fist wielded this bludgeon rather than mine that is as feeble as a babe's—so should thy bones ache for thy obstinacy, O most unregenerate and perverse of cows!"

And the old woman wept and wrung her hands.

And Chindhu saluted her graciously, saying—

"O old woman, my sister! refrain from shedding tears, and acquire merit by enduring the calamities of life with fortitude. And for thy cow, it is lawful that I should assume the cudgel and drive her upon the path she is destined to follow. So get thee back to thy weaving, and meditate amidst thy labours upon the virtue of patience."

And the old woman joyfully gave the virtuous Chindhu the stick and departed, praising his benevolence. And Chindhu, hauling the cow's tail to attract her attention, addressed the creature in set terms, saying—

"O cow, I adjure thee hearken to my counsel. The path to thy right, which thou dost obstinately endeavour to follow, ends in a dangerous precipice, falling from which thou wilt certainly be killed; while that to thy left leads to the pleasant grazing-swamps, where

[Continued overleaf.]

SPECIAL SCOTCH.



SCOTTISH WORTHY IN LONDON Noo, what are the fares frae this station?
BOOKING-CLERK: They've just been raised. Some's tuppence; some's threepence.
SCOTTISH WORTHY: Weel, weel! An' are there no excursions?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

thou mayest banquet thy fill on buffalo-grass and vetches. Be warned, O cow! and choose this way rather than the other, for that way peril lies."

And he dealt her a whack with the cudgel, that drove her snorting along the right-hand path, and followed on her heels with entreaties, saying—

"O cow! thou art quite well aware that this is the path that ends in the precipice and the stew-pot! Be advised—turn back before the brink be reached!" But so much the more the cow went up, and Chindhu also, pursuing her with whacks and good advice, until, reaching the edge of peril, she snorted the snort of

alarm and would have backed and turned. But Chindhu smote her lustily with the cudgel, and the silly beast went over, sprawling and grunting. Live cow at the top was she, but when she got to the bottom dead meat, of which it is lawful by the word of the Master for a virtuous Burman to partake. And Chindhu gave thanks to the Nat and praise to the Supreme and Excellent Law, and climbed down and cut her up, and wended home rich in kitchen store and merit acquired. And from that day there was no lack of *napi* and peppered stew of flesh in the venerable Shan's dwelling, and the tongue of feminine complaint lay still behind the closed lips of content, so great was the cunning of Chindhu.



A SEASIDE FLIRTATION.



BY F. HARRIS DEANS.

HE wore a Panama hat, which triumphantly achieved the difficult tasking of looking cheaper than it really was; carried a light, flexible cane, and smoked a "Honey-comb" cigarette. He was clothed in an "elegant" grey-flannel suit. As he strolled along the Promenade he was not deaf to the song of the waves, as, flowing and ebbing, they drew strange music from the shingle; nor was he blind to the beauty of the setting sun, where it cast a purple sheen over the silvery sea. It made him feel "rummy like"; that sensation of "I know not what" of the poet, equally inarticulate.

On a seat facing the sea sat a girl. From the corner of his eye he observed her: she was pretty. What more is needed to straighten the shoulders of man? As he passed he became conscious of her gaze. His ears began to burn—both—thus giving no clue to her opinion of him. Had he not been tremulously anticipating this moment for the last month? At the seaside everybody was friendly—ladylike girls too. Nobody didn't think anything of it; bit different to Peckham—except, of course, sometimes. And even then you had to pretend you'd met before.

He turned and strolled back. Quite the lady she was—dress and everything. For two pins he'd—His heart began to beat violently, and he wavered somewhat in his gait. What'd she say? "You've made a mistake," perhaps. Make him look a bit foolish if she did. Should he chance it?

Better not, after all. Wait a day or two and see how things turned out. . . . Besides, he'd come down to enjoy himself. What did he want to fool about with girls for? No great "cop," none of them.

He passed her with an elaborate air of unconcern. Not half bad, she wasn't, though. Might just as well . . . be a bit of a "barney," anyhow. With an effort, he turned again. S'pose she called a policeman?—not likely, of course, but s'pose? Again, what should he say? "Pardon me"? or . . . what did other chaps say? He'd heard 'em talk about it dozens of times, too. There was a proper bit you had to say.

He glanced up and caught her eye fixed on him. He caught his breath, lost control of his features—silly fool he looked, he could tell—strode past with fixed, unseeing eyes, and collided with something.

"'Ere, wot—?" he began indignantly. "'Ullo, nipper, up you get," he continued in a different tone. "You're not 'urt; it's me 'oo's got damaged. Now, don't get 'owling like that, or I'll . . . Look 'ere, you buy some suckers with that." Pushing a penny into the child's hand, he retreated hastily to the nearest seat. Phew! Oughtn't to let kids run about like that. S'pose he'd really hurt him?

He glanced round for sympathy. Good Lor'! She'd think he'd sat down there on purpose. Clean forgot all about her, he had. He ought to speak now, if he was going to. Why didn't she say something, instead of sitting there like—like that?

"Didn't ought to let kids . . . gi' me quite a scare it did," he muttered confusedly.

There! If she liked to think he was speaking to her, she could.

The girl gave a sympathetic smile. They sat for two or three minutes in silence. An awkward silence on his part, a calm passivity on hers. Presently she rose. She stood for a moment and glanced around, as if selecting her route. Didn't want to speak to *him*, that was pretty clear. Not that he cared; have a look at the concert he would.

"Well—good-bye," said the girl, as she moved slowly away.

"'Ere!" He jumped hastily to his feet. "'Old on a bit. Jes' arf a mo'. I got summin' to say."

"Yes?" she queried, stopping obediently.

"Wot I mean is," he stumbled, "you an' me being both alone like, why not? I thought we might have a bit of a stroll on the pier. That is if you're agreeable, of course."

The girl dug an irresolute shoe in the asphalt.

"I don't know as—I hardly. . . . Well, I s'pose there's no pertic'ler reason why I shouldn't."

Together they strolled towards the pier; a yard separated them, and silence hung, a heavy and more than adequate chaperon.

"Was that tuppence you paid?" asked the girl as they passed through the turnstile.

"Ah. Tuppence each."

The girl made a motion of horror.

"My! They know how to make you pay down here. After all, what is it?—jes' a kind of a bridge like. Fair extortion I call it."

"It ain't nothin'," he murmured. "Wot's tuppence?" His features expressed plutocratic scorn.

"Tuppence is tuppence," argued the girl. An incontrovertible statement.

"Tell you wot," he said, after a somewhat lengthy silence, "let's have a look at them people fishing."

From the end of the pier the girl gazed fearfully at the landing-stage below, upon which dark and statuesque figures could be perceived.

"I once knew a chap as used to go fishing," stated the youth informatively.

"Did you?" His companion gazed at him interestedly. "What became of him in the end?" she prompted, as the anecdote seemed to be in danger of an untimely decease.

"Became of him?" echoed the youth in some surprise. "I dunno as 'ow anythink became of him—out of the ordinary, that is. He was a clerk in the City," he added, seeking to introduce an element of human interest into the memoir; "getting twenty-five shillings a week, he was."

"Funny what different tastes people have," commented the girl, with an air of philosophy. "Last thing in the world I should go in for—fishing."

"Though they do say," said the young man, with a hangdog air of audacity, "that girls are always fishing."

"What do you mean?" demanded the girl sharply, drawing herself away.

"Nothing," he said confusedly, "it's only wot I've heard people say. Don't see much sense in it myself."

"I don't see any," she asserted.

"They mean," he explained awkwardly, "girls are always fishing for—for compliments like. Leastways, that's 'ow I take it."

"Me! I don't fish for compliments," she cried, vaguely resentful. "Never have done."

"P'raps you've no need to," he ventured, still lacking the air of assurance such a compliment demanded. "Wot I mean is, you get enough compliments without."

"I don't know why I should," she murmured, gazing intently at the patient fishers below.

"Oh, well!" The youth gave a husky cough and began to whistle noiselessly.

The girl glanced at him impatiently. "Not that I want anybody to," she said at last.

"It don't matter much whether you want them to or not," he argued. "Wot I mean is, if you're that sort of girl you get—compliments like—paid you; and if you're not, well, you don't. Like I might pay you a compliment."

"How?" wondered the girl.

The youth flushed, and glanced at her uneasily. "I wasn't saying I was going to," he hedged; "wot I meant was, I could."

"Could you?" she breathed.

The youth cleared his throat, and gazed out to sea. "Getting a bit cold, standing still," he urged, with a hurried shiver.

The girl made no response, but, with her chin resting on her hand, stared reflectively at the shimmering water.

After a momentary hesitation he followed her example. His shoulder touched hers, but she made no movement. His hand flickered uncertainly, and then rested timorously on the middle of her waist-belt. The girl glanced at him from the corner of her eye.

Watching her apprehensively, his left hand dropped forward and closed over hers.

"Well," she cried in affected consternation, "you've got a good cheek, I don't think!"

To be feared is to be brave.

A friendly cloud obscured the moon for a moment. He pulled her so that she faced him.

"So've you," he whispered.

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

MR. A. C. BENSON, now that Queen Victoria's Letters are out, will have time for social and personal concerns, and so, to say a word of congratulation to the Bishop of Lincoln upon his wonderful recovery. Mr. Benson is bound to love the Bishop, for he is the subject of one of the richest jokes in his biography of his father, Archbishop Benson. "Is anything interesting going to happen at the trial, your Grace?" a lady asked him on the eve of the Lincoln trial. "Yes," answered the Primate emphatically; "yes, indeed! I have had a guillotine erected in the library; and the Bishop of Lincoln will come in, led by Sir Walter Phillimore, and lay his head down: it will be most affecting! And then the axe will fall; and I have arranged that it shall come down on Sir Walter's head instead of on the Bishop's; and the Bishop will rise and execute a fandango!" Happily, there is life enough in the Bishop for a good many fandangoes yet.

Lord and Lady Kelvin.

The illness of Lady Kelvin, from which she is happily recovering, recalls the amusing story of how the great scientist "proposed" to her. Sir William Thomson, as he then was, was explaining to some friends a new method of his for signalling at sea. Only one young lady present seemed to understand, and said she would be able to read such signals. Sir William, on his return to his yacht, tested her by signalling the momentous four words, "Will you marry me?" and the young lady not only read them, but herself signalled back, "Yes." Another story of Lord Kelvin. One of his inventions was to improve deep-sea sounding by substituting steel piano-wire for lead lines. A visitor, a great pianist, once saw in Lord Kelvin's laboratory a pile of piano-wire. "What's that for?" he asked. "What's that for?" he asked.



"OLD CLO'! OLD CLO'!" JAPANESE CRYING GOODS.

The men were employed to "drum" up the trade of a dealer in old clothes and second-hand furniture.

Photograph by Keystone View Co.

feathers regularly — and little else — farther East. The custom came West when the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands paid us a visit. The Hon. G. F. Byng, of the Foreign Office, was appointed to attend upon them, and so delighted their Majesties that they presented him with the most wonderful pair of breeches, made entirely of feathers. Glad was his heart, until some wicked caricaturist came out with a cartoon depicting him as sitting, in feathered splendour, upon a nest of eggs! Byng was a beau, and the skit caused him precipitately to moult.

An Affront to Providence.

It would be interesting to know what Lord Kitchener thinks of the Native Princes of India now that he has had to abandon the Army Manœuvres owing to the famine in India. These men—some of them, at any rate—possess riches in abundance, yet, though a farthing would feed a small multitude, they keep their wealth intact and let the people die. The Oriental mind is still an incomprehensible puzzle to many a Western investigator. One man, an excellent fellow, who was brilliantly administering a great area, turned in time of grave famine to a wealthy Maharajah, saying that food for the people was necessary, and its bestowal would be a service acceptable to God. "Why should I fly in the face of Providence?" retorted the Prince. "If the Almighty wished to preserve these people he would send a shower of rain, which would do far more than anything within my power."

Profitable Biography.

The publication of the first portion of Queen Victoria's Correspondence by Mr. John Murray will set some "curious

impertinents" asking, how will the profits of the book be divided? When Lord Esher, Mr. Arthur Benson, and Mr. Murray himself have been remunerated, it would seem clearly just that the balance should

PUBLICITY AGENTS
OF THE PAVEMENT:
REMARKABLE
"SANDWICH-MEN."

"For sounding," answered his host. "Which note?" persisted the visitor, and like lightning came the witty reply, "The deep C."

Trousers of Feathers.

When, in the days of a popular street-cry. George Robey removed his hat upon the stage, "There's 'air!" yelled the "gods." "Well, what did you expect to see—feathers?" came the practised impromptu. Well, we are all to see "feathers" growing on men, if Mr. Pageant Parker have his way. His scheme for thus bedizening us is not quite so novel as some have deemed it. Gentlemen wear

go to the Crown, as owner of the letters. The profits are sure to be very great. Biography—that is, "good" biography—is probably the safest form of publishing venture that exists. Novels are, of course, well known to be mere lotteries—many blanks and a few large prizes. But Messrs. Macmillan are said to have made £20,000 over the Life of Gladstone. On the other hand, it is understood that Mr. Churchill's Life of Lord Randolph, good as it was, hardly proved the financial success that was expected.



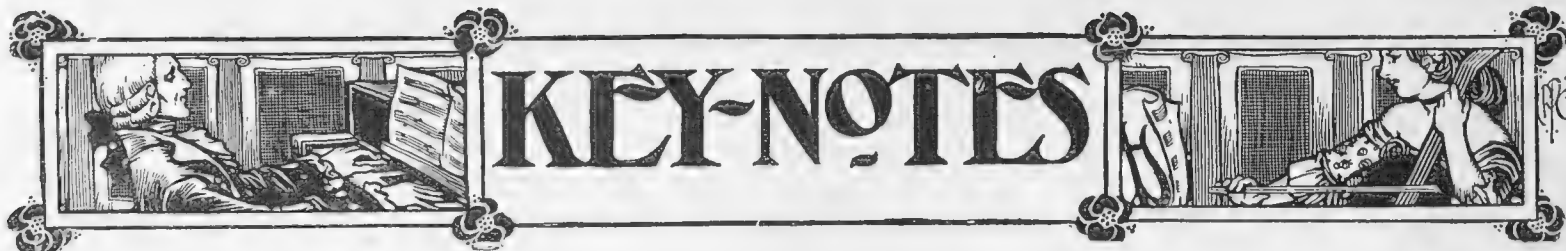
SANDWICH-GIRLS, SEEN IN A LONDON SUBURB LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Holak and Co.



TOP-HATTED AND FROCK-COATED SANDWICH-MEN, SEEN IN HOLBORN.

Photograph by Bolak and Co.



IT was no bad idea to organise "In Memoriam" concerts at the Queen's Hall in honour of the late Edvard Grieg, because he was a man whose appeal to British music-lovers is very great and is likely to be enduring. By the time some of us outgrow our enthusiasm for his music, there will be others coming along to whom its appeal will be fresh and certain. Then, again, when concerts, such as the one given on Wednesday and the one to be given this afternoon, have the significance that these possess, one does not complain if the appeal falls off before the concert is over. We remember that the composer of the music would have directed the one and taken part in the other had he been spared. For all the charm and merit of his work, for all its deep inspiration and conscientious working out, there is a certain sameness about Grieg's scores that cannot be disguised when half-a-dozen of his works are given in succession.

The programme of the orchestral concert at the Queen's Hall was wisely chosen, for it covered all stages of the composer's development, and included the Funeral March written in 1865 in memory of Richard Nordraak, the composer who exercised a very powerful influence in turning Grieg to the work that made his fame. Written originally for the piano, and then scored by the composer for a military band, it was re-scored for a symphony orchestra by Halvorsen when Grieg passed away, and in this form it was given under Mr. Wood's direction for the first time in England. Another novelty was a set of variations on an old Norwegian Romance, composed originally for two pianos. It proved a most effective piece of work, full of varied colour. The thematic material is good, and the handling is expert. Miss Johanne Stockmarr played the Piano Concerto in A minor, which she gave under the composer's direction when he came to the Queen's Hall last year, and several of Grieg's most charming songs were rendered by Herr Sistermans. It is unfortunate that the English words are more or less ridiculous, and that the voice-production of Herr Sistermans could hardly be more Teutonic than it is. For Miss Stockmarr's playing there is nothing but praise. She seemed to find the message of the music; she was sympathetic, convincing, and responsive to all the concerto's changing moods. It was really a fine performance.

A large and enthusiastic company gathered at Covent Garden the other night to welcome Mr. John McCormack, a British tenor of proved ability. He appeared in the rather thankless part of Turiddu in Mascagni's most popular opera, and it would perhaps

be flattery to suggest that he made a successful first appearance. Nervousness spoilt one or two vocal effects, and it may well have been responsible for acting that was amateurish to a degree. At the same time the young tenor showed that his voice can range fully and freely throughout Covent Garden, and that it is of rich and beautiful quality. Unfortunately, his gifts at present are clearly lyrical rather than dramatic. Perhaps the more obvious faults of the first appearance will disappear when the singer has lost the nervousness that must be associated with a first night; but if he is to succeed in grand opera Mr. McCormack would be well advised to take a course of study in stage deportment and gesture.

The revival of "Aïda" was very welcome, for the opera contains some of Verdi's most charming music, and Covent Garden is, as a rule, singularly happy in its interpretation. Madame Litvinne sang the music of the name-part, and if her performance was rather uneven, there was a great deal of vocal beauty about it, particularly in the third act. Madame Paquot appeared as Amneris, a part in which most newcomers must be prepared to suffer by comparison with Kirkby Lunn. In common with several other members of the company, Madame Paquot rather under-acted her part, but she sang quite well. Signor Vignas made a capital Radames, and scored a legitimate success in the "Celeste Aïda." Sammarco's Amonasro is too well known to call for description or praise.

The directors of the Bayreuth Opera House do not allow the grass to grow under their feet. Mr. Schulz-Curtius has issued a circular on their behalf announcing a Festival for 1908. The first performance is to be given on July 22, and the last on Aug. 20, and the programme consists of seven performances of "Parsifal," five of "Lohengrin," and two complete cycles of "Der Ring des Nibelungen." Seats will be allotted now, but will not be issued before March next, when subscriptions will fall due. For the "Nibelung's Ring" tickets will be issued for the complete cycle only. At present nothing definite is known about singers or conductors; doubtless many arrangements are still in the making. The committee of the Festival are trying to prevent the sale of tickets by speculators, who resell at high prices to late comers, and they threaten to publish the names of any people found seeking a profit by sale of seats. This action seems high-handed and rather unwise. If a man hesitates to subscribe until the last minute, and is then compelled to pay for his procrastination, the hardship is not an intolerable one.

COMMON CHORD.



A FAMOUS PRIMA-DONNA WHO IS TO BE MARRIED: MISS AURÉLIE RÉVY,
WHO IS TO MARRY MAJOR GEORGE A. CHAPMAN.

We have pleasure in announcing the engagement of Miss Aurélie Révy, the well-known Hungarian prima-donna, to Major George Alexander Chapman, late 98th Regiment, of Tremlett Hill, Wellington, Somerset. Miss Révy is now at the Grand Opera in Budapest. She speaks six languages, and is a good pianist and violinist. Major Chapman is a well-known member of the Junior Carlton, the Junior United Service, and the East India United Service Clubs.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



TWO EASILY RAISED CAPE-CART HOODS—QUICK OPERATING DUNLOP SECURITY BOLTS—WINTER MOTOR-CLOTHING: THE EXCLUSION OF WIND.

SINCE the appearance of my note on the desirableness of an easily extended Cape-cart hood, I have had my attention drawn to two that can be raised single-handed and in a very short space of time. One is "The Kensington," by those old-world coachbuilders, Messrs. Cole and Sons, of Kensington; and the other is the "Ideal Hood," by the Regent Carriage Company, of Fulham. The latter is particularly interesting and ingenious. The forward or extending portion of the hood is carried on two criss-cross expanding frames, one at each side, which are operated by a small handle through pulleys and chains, and wound out until the hood extends right over the bonnet. It is then secured by fixing a forward hoop in position, and tensioning with straps in the usual way to the mud-guard irons. There are no inclined hoops with this hood, and the maximum head room obtains over the side entrance.

Little by little the tedious labour of tyre-changing is being whittled down. Every motorist who has ever changed his own tyres or waited while the work was performed by his hired man has chafed at the delay occasioned by the fiddling job of screwing the butterfly-nuts of the security-bolts home. The stems of these bolts are of considerable length, and carry a thread over all the portion subtending the rim. The butterfly-nuts have to be run right down to allow the splayed heads of the security-bolts to be pushed right up into the rim when introducing the cover-bead thereto, and when all is completed, have to be screwed back again. This is, as I have said, niggling work, and takes time. But now the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company have come to the rescue with security-bolts that have long-hinged sleeve-washers, which only require two or three turns of the butterfly-nut to slacken off or tighten

the bolt. The split sleeve-washer swings down out of the way when the bolts are thrust up into the rim.

It is well that motorists of both sexes should take thought as to wherewithal they should be clothed if they contemplate that most invigorating pastime, motoring in winter in an open car. Nature presents nothing like it as a tonic to jaded humanity, and the season-worn will find it brisk up both appetites and complexions. But to motor comfortably and safely in winter-

time the motorist must be properly clothed; and to imagine that the clothing which is ample for walking or driving or riding is also sufficient for the open car is a mistake too serious and too likely to have dire results to be permitted. At motor speeds the encountered air will just pierce through ordinary hard-weather clothes as easily as water through a hair-sieve; and there is nothing that can render man, woman, or child so abjectly miserable as to get thoroughly chilled on a car. Moreover, that way pneumonia lies, so it behoves all to be careful.

Efficient winter motoring garments require to be, first, wind-proof; secondly, waterproof; thirdly, warm; fourth, light

and comfortable. Now no number of thicknesses of ordinary cloth will resist the wind-penetration when driving on a car at speed. It needs specially woven stuffs or linings, such as have been made and used for the purpose by experts like Aquascutum, Limited, of 100, Regent Street, whose record as motor tailors goes back to the earliest days. The ordinary clothes of commerce may be safely and comfortably worn under an Aquascutum "Invincible," which does not belie its name in relation to wind and weather.



THE GIANTESS AND THE CAR: MARIËDL, THE TYROLEAN GIANTESS, ON A 15-H.P. COVENTRY HUMBER. Mariëdl was most pleased with her trips on the car, and wrote to Messrs. Humber, Ltd., of 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., the following letter: "Mariëdl wishes to convey her extreme pleasure with the Humber car, which she used for several trial runs; and is exceptionally taken with the smooth running of same, considering her great weight. (signed) Mariëdl."

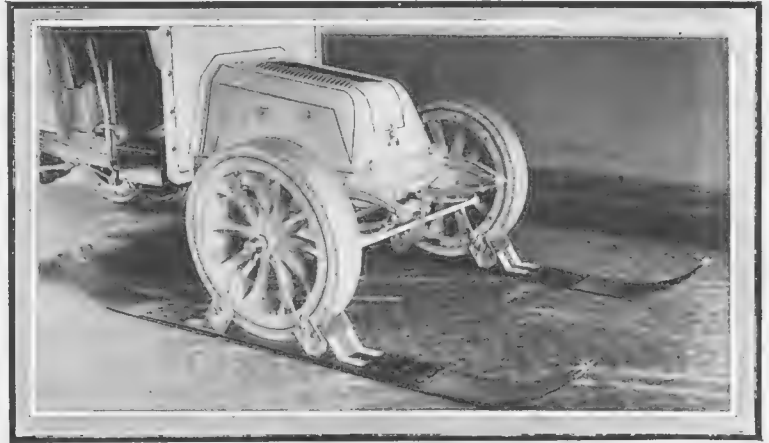
Photograph by Maule and Co.



THE MOTOR-CAR ON WHICH IT IS HOPED TO REACH THE SOUTH POLE: THE 12-15-H.P. ARROL-JOHNSTON ICE-MOTOR-CAR, SHOWING THE RIBBED WHEELS FOR GRIPPING THE SNOW.

Amongst the most interesting items of the equipment of the most recent Antarctic expedition—that headed by Lieutenant Shackleton—is the ice motor-car here illustrated, which marks a new and fascinating departure on the part of an explorer. All the handles of this car will be covered with leather, in order that the hand may not have to touch the ice-cold metal, an obviously necessary precaution.—

Photographs by the Tropical Press.



THE ICE MOTOR-CAR, SHOWING THE FRONT WHEELS, WITH THE RUNNERS, WHICH WILL BE USED WHEN NECESSITY ARISES, ATTACHED.

The exhaust from the engine passes under the footboard, and thus acts as a foot-warmer. It also passes, in a pipe, through a small tank in which snow will be placed to be melted for domestic purposes. The driving-wheels are mounted with strips of iron placed crossways at short intervals, in order that a good grip on the snow may be obtained. When the surface is hard and slippery, iron spikes can be screwed into these ribs on the driving-wheels, to give the necessary grip.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE—ALL THE WINNERS—DOPING.

NOW that the Cesarewitch is over and done with, the thoughts of racing-men naturally turn to the Cambridgeshire, which will be decided next Wednesday. I have before now struck some bad streaks in the last big handicap of the Newmarket season. The late Fred Archer gave me St. Mirin as a walk-over certainty, and I stood to win a few hundreds on the Duke of Beaufort's mare, who was beaten a head by The Sailor Prince. Poor Archer rode the race of his life on the second, but his face after the winner's number had gone up was a study. He once gave me a tip for the St. Leger. It was Corneille. I backed it heavily, and put my friends on it; but one young sport would not back the horse, as he had dreamed twice that number nine on the card had won. He was going to Doncaster on purpose to back his number, while I arranged with him to telegraph me the name of the horse. Judge of my surprise when it turned out to be Corneille. The wretched creature finished absolutely last to The Lambkin. Some years after this, in the spring, I was discussing the merits of Santoi and Spectrum with Lester Reiff, when he suggested they were much of a muchness, and he hinted that the latter was essentially an autumn mare. When she came into the betting for the Cambridgeshire, I took a long shot about her, and she soon blossomed into a first favourite. But the luck was out, as Mr. Whitney cabled instructions that Spectrum was to run in the first race of the Cambridgeshire day. This was the Subscription Stakes, in which she beat Chacornac, but the stable won the Cambridgeshire with Watershed, a 25 to 1 chance, and I backed Osboch at the last moment at 100 to 14. The latter, after getting badly away, was beaten a neck. So much for the past; now for the future. I think the winner will spring from Gold Riach, Precentor, and Silver Heeled, although Brewer may complete the double event by the aid of Linacre.

People who buy the evening papers to see all the winners little think what energy and enterprise are required to get the results up so quickly after the decision of the races. The tape-machines have to spend tons of money during the year in supplying this want. At some of the meetings, like Lingfield, for instance, it is necessary to tic-tac there results several miles before putting them on to the telephone. I think I have told before how the magic line "All the Winners" came to me through hearing a paper-boy

call it out some twenty years back. The shout haunted me for a year or two before I decided to print it on the contents-bills, and soon "All the Winners" became the most telling catch-line in London, and it is now shouted daily by hundreds of boys all over the Metropolis and in many of the leading country towns. I also was the first to adopt the word "Finals" for newspaper bills. Many years ago I was at one of the South-country meetings, and bought what I thought was the paper I was engaged on, containing my finals, but, to my great surprise, I found, although the contents-

bill was advertising my handiwork only, in war type, the paper was only a local sheet which presented my finals in the stop-press news. I have got used to this sort of thing by now, but at first it gave me quite a shock. I may say, however, that I often get letters from correspondents in the North of England telling me I ought to be ashamed of myself for tipping so badly in certain papers that I have never seen, while I have received some nasty knocks even from followers in South Africa who get the finals from somewhere, but where I cannot tell.

Everybody who goes racing knows that doping is not allowed, yet we occasionally get a glimpse of animals running who look for all the world as though they had been dragged through a duck-pond, and, what is more, some of them are successful at extreme outside prices. It is here where the paid steward would come in, as he could order an investigation right off, and unless a satisfactory explanation were forthcoming, he could put the machinery in motion to have the necessary punishment dealt out. Mark you; I do not say doping is still practised, for the simple reason that I could not prove it. All the same, I suggest that there are cases that are, to say the least, suspicious. If the offenders are proved to be guilty they will, I am certain, have to go off for ever, but the difficulty is to bring about their conviction. A novice could see at a glance how unfair it would be to the handicappers and to the poor

backers if horses were doped on occasion and allowed to run at other times without the aid of the stimulating influence. I have often thought that doping could be dealt with by the law of the land, as it is, to say the least of it, a most inhuman practice, and I should like to see a case tested in the police-courts.

CAPTAIN COE.



EVERY MOVE OF A BASE-BALL GAME REGISTERED ON A SIGNAL-BOARD: A BASE-BALL SIGNAL-BOARD, SHOWING THE ELECTRIC-LIGHT BULBS WHICH MARK THE PROGRESS OF THE GAME.

backers if horses were doped on occasion and allowed to run at other times without the aid of the stimulating influence. I have often thought that doping could be dealt with by the law of the land, as it is, to say the least of it, a most inhuman practice, and I should like to see a case tested in the police-courts.



WATCHING A BASE-BALL GAME PLAYED MILES AWAY: A GREAT CROWD IN PHILADELPHIA BEFORE A BASE-BALL SIGNAL-BOARD.

During the base-ball season one of the leading thoroughfares of Philadelphia is blocked by a yelling crowd gathered outside one of the newspaper buildings to watch the base-ball signal-board. This is so arranged that every player on the field can be seen at a glance. Electric bulbs are lighted to show the position of the batter, the state of the game, and the manner of the play. When the pitcher has the ball ready for play, a light glows in the pitcher's box. If a strike results from the throw, another light shows that the batter has touched the ball. If the batter reaches his base, the light at that point shows he is safe. In similar manner are marked a failure to hit the ball, the throwing out of the batter, the calling of a ball by the umpire, the man at the bat, and so on.—[Photographs by the P.-J. Press Bureau.]

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Efficient Emperors and Empresses.

There is something about the word "Emperor" which imposes, especially on the individual who bears the title. It was not till Disraeli had the happy inspiration of making Queen Victoria Empress of India that she rose to the full grandeur of her character and touched to the quick the imagination of her countless millions of subjects all over the world. There is no shirking such responsibilities. In these days of national efficiency, a lazy Emperor is unthinkable; these potentates, indeed, have to rise at hideous hours and do an amount of work which would send a dock-labourer on strike. In spite of his serious illness, the Austrian Emperor gets up every morning at the unaided hour of 4 a.m. The Kaiser Wilhelm is not only notoriously efficient himself in all the arts and crafts, military and civil, but he is determined that his son and heir shall learn the business of kingship thoroughly. The Crown Prince is no longer to swagger in military accoutrements, but is to go daily to the Home Office for a year, like any bourgeois of Berlin, and learn the details of local government. "The White Rabbit"—as our younger royalties playfully call their illustrious cousin—is evidently in for the strenuous life.

The Love-Letters of Authors.

Should authors write love-letters? This is one of the burning questions of the hour, for if they are foolish—or perspicacious—enough to indite such effusions, they are bound to be published some time or another, if not by the object of their affection, then by some member of their family anxious to turn an honest penny. Yet for the life of me I cannot see why the amorous pleadings of Snooks the Poet are any more interesting than those of Snooks the Stockbroker. Indeed, there is often a naïve directness and paucity of phrases about the latter which contrast favourably with the eternal literary *clichés* of the poet, who, we may be sure, has usually one eye on the printing-press when he pours out his soul to "the Cynthia of the minute." Moreover, a new horror has been added to the inditing of love-letters. Formerly, people waited till the lover was decently buried before they scattered his letters over Europe and America; nowadays, no sooner have a pair of celebrities quarrelled than one or the other of the parties hastens off to make the best terms they can with a publisher. In Italy this manner of making cash out of the emotions would seem to be in special favour. A living Italian author—the former husband of Matilde Serao—appears as the author of burning epistles to a popular actress. This time it is the lady who is to blame for publication. She declares she could not keep such treasures of sentiment and style to herself.

The Two Georges.

When people write about Georges Sand in the twentieth century they inevitably bring in our own illustrious George, the author of "Silas Marner," and "The Mill on the Floss." Yet never were there two such dissimilar women. It was Mr. Henry James who once succinctly

remarked that Georges Sand was a man, but not a gentleman. This is radiantly true, but of George Eliot it must be recorded that she was not only a man, but a gentlewoman. A large-hearted, large-minded creature, Georges Sand was a rowdy Bohemian, dressed like a man, and smoking cigars (long before women smoked) when Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning sought her out in Paris in the 'fifties. The poet was scandalised, and took his delicate little wife away, no doubt to the amusement of the author of "Indiana." Miss Marian Evans, on the contrary, was an erudite British spinster, translating German and writing on philosophy for the *Westminster Review*, when she set up her famous *faux ménage*. She had a Nonconformist conscience, and was tortured by it all her life, and, moreover, she had an instinct for all the middle-class British respectabilities. Imagine Georges Sand calling herself Madame Chopin or Madame Alfred de Musset in those delirious days under the orange-trees of Majorca or among the lagoons of Venice! Yet George Eliot held her little court in Regent's Park, and received many of the greatest men and women of her day under the name of Mrs. George Henry Lewes. This is typically English, for in this island we are comfortably oblivious of facts and deeds so long as words and appearances are carefully seen to. It is a compromise with our complex civilisation which does credit to the elasticity of the English character—a virtue with which we are not usually credited by foreigners.

Paupers in Speech.

The lady who deplores in the *Albany* our economy of words, our distressingly inadequate number of phrases, touches a real evil. The lower classes, it is notorious, have only one adjective, which they apply, with fine impartiality, to every situation and circumstance which presents itself; but nowadays the upper stratum would seem to be at just the same loss for words. Threadbare American phrases seem most popular, but the quaint expression "rotter"—which was invented, I fancy, at Eton or Harrow—makes the especial joy of our golden youth and athletic maidens. Why young women, with their natural resources of rhetoric and argument, should deliberately cast aside one of the chief weapons of their sex is a mystery, for later on they will find that their chief mission in life is to soothe, to persuade, and to explain. How this is to be accomplished by a matron who has only three phrases, to wit: "Doing you well," "A rotter," "Not taking any," will be left to the younger generation to solve.



A MANTLE OF THE MOMENT, SKETCHED AT MESSRS. PETER ROBINSON'S,
OXFORD STREET, W.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN - ABOUT - TOWN.

AT last we may say that the autumn season has really set in. Pretty women in Fashion's latest frocks are met with at every corner where shops abound. The opera-house and the theatres are pleasantly full, and there is an air of the right people in the right place, which makes dear old London comfortable and self-complacent. I fancy that Miss Mary Moore's tea-gown in the first act of "The Mollusc" is very certain of feminine favour. It is really a dream of a garment of pale silvery-blue panne. It is Princess in form, but it fits, not like a glove, but far better than a glove, for it is so exquisitely graceful, so perfectly free. At the back pleats are gathered rather high, giving a mere suggestion of Empire influence. They are caught under a buckle of pale-blue silk. In front the bodice portion almost crosses. The whole robe, uncompromisingly Princess, is edged with a raised embroidery in blue silk. There is a deep chemisette of Valenciennes lace and silk muslin, of which the sleeves are also composed. Into the muslin little circular motifs of pale-blue embroidery are introduced.

I have reason to believe that the tea-gown is made with a corset lining, which obviates any necessity for corsets merely as corsets; certainly the fit is a delight to the eye. Miss Moore wears two rosettes of soft pale-blue satin in her hair, and looks delicious—so much so that she quite accounts for the sway she exercises without exertion. Her second-act dress is white Ninon-de-soie—lovely, of course, and dainty to a degree. The skirt is in graduated pleats set loose, with a band of silk round the hem. The bodice has a yoke and sleeves of Valenciennes lace; embroidered silk muslin, and silk broderie Anglaise. The only touches of colour to the pure white are a knot of deep-green satin on the bodice, a rope of amber beads, and a lorgnette chain of gold, studded with emeralds and amethysts.

In the third act Miss Moore looks a lovely invalid in a gown of white mousseline de soie over pale-pink silk. There is a loose robe at the back hanging free from the shoulders, and bordered down one side with a deep hem of pale-blue satin. The yoke and wide sleeves are of lace-like embroidery, and there are tight inner sleeves to below the elbows of the same soft diaphanous fabric. A lace cap with a rosette of pale-blue satin ribbon at either side is charmingly becoming, sufficiently so to have accounted in itself for a painless attack of invalidhood.

A dress worn by the Duchess of Roxburghe at a wedding struck me as being a charming example of the last word in fashion, spoken with the utmost refinement of accent. It was of souple cloth in a lovely soft shade of pale clouded blue. It was made in Princess style, the skirt finished with a deep silken fringe, in exactly the same shade, put on above the hem in a series of deep points. At the back the pleats were raised high above the actual waist-line by about an inch, giving a long line from waist to hem. A bodice effect was given to the robe by stitchings of silk at the waist. Over the shoulders and in graduated points to the waist-line in front were bands of chin-chilla fur, mounted softly on chiffon, the same exquisite shade as the dress. The sleeves were well below the elbow and caught into tight bands of chiffon and fur. There was a yoke of soft, white, fine filmy lace and tulle. A large hat was worn, of deeper pastel-blue silk than the dress, and it was trimmed with shaded ostrich-plumes in a similar scheme of colour.

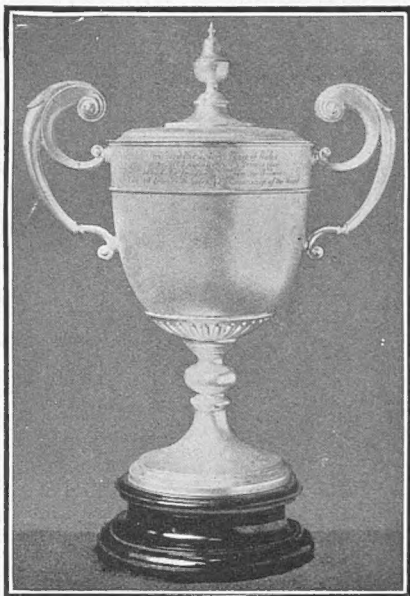
In addition to Princess dresses, with which delightful little fur boleros and fichu-like capes are worn, there is a decided cult of the coat. A charming one I saw on so smart a lady as Lady Sarah Wilson the other day; it was nearly tightly fitting, and had the

basques clinging closely into the hips; all round the edge it was finished with corded embroidery. The material was velvet, the colour grey with a pale-blue silvery light in it, and it was worn over a skirt to match. A long moleskin tie, faced with ermine, was round the neck, falling low at either side of the left shoulder, and a Cavalier hat of darker grey silk beaver, with a shaded feather in tones of grey and starch blue at one side, was worn.

The latest things in jewelled ornaments are flexible collars in diamonds and some other gem—either rubies, emeralds, or sapphires. The most beautiful I have seen are at the Parisian Diamond Company's. The idea is to have them about the width of an inch-wide velvet, so that they can be worn over it or without it. Quite new and charming, too, are flexible bangles made of long links in diamonds or other stones. These the Parisian Diamond Company have in millegraine setting and in that effective placing of stones which does not show the setting at all. These are very handsome and distinctive ornaments.

On "Woman's Ways" page will be found a drawing made by our Artist at Messrs. Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, of a very handsome and distinguished-looking mantle. It is of white cloth very handsomely embroidered with white silk on medallions of lace and with braid. It is lined with white satin, which, when worn loose, shows slightly in front and round the sleeves, where is a broad band of effective gold-and-black embroidery. It is one of an immense variety of evening cloaks and handsome wraps made by this well-known firm in their own work-rooms, as well as many beautiful models. The demand for these cloaks proves their excellence in style and their good value. They are sold from £3 18s. 6d. up to fifty guineas.

Who does not want a complete guide to the art of dress? This can be had for the asking from the enterprising firm of John Barker, Kensington, which has just issued a fully illustrated catalogue of "Latest Fashions for Autumn and Winter," of "Autumn Fashions, 1907," and of "Jewellery." These are charmingly got up and exhaustively illustrated. So far as the modes of the moment, the most up-to-date jewellery and dainty household silver, clocks, watches, and knick-knacks are concerned, they furnish the most satisfactory replies to inquiries within on everything



PRESENTED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

It will be remembered that during the current year's championship meeting their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales honoured the All England Lawn Tennis Club's ground with their presence. As an outcome of that visit his Royal Highness has, as is now known, graciously consented to become president of the club, and has further signified his interest in the game by the presentation to the club of the silver challenge cup illustrated.

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THE CHALLENGE SHIELD FOR THE CAPE COLONY NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION'S MEETING.

The Executive Committee of the Cape Colony National Rifle Association are to be congratulated on the very handsome challenge trophy which they are offering at their annual prize meeting for competition between the South African colonies. The trophy does great credit to Messrs. Mappin and Webb, by whom it was designed and executed.

BRITTANY: AN IDEAL HOLIDAY PLACE.

NEVER, perhaps, have there been so many facilities for the traveller who, of necessity or desire, believes in quick trips to the Continent. The latest chance for the pleasure-seeker or the business-man is supplied by the enterprise of the Great Western Railway. To prove what they could do, the company recently took a party to Brest, and showed that it was possible to take supper in town, breakfast the next morning in Brittany, see something of the country, and return to town on the following evening. The occasion was but an experiment, and will not be repeated for the present. It shows, however, what the company can do, and it has drawn attention once more to Brittany as a holiday resort. As Mr. Baring Gould has it: "No part of Europe is so accessible and contains so much of interest in various directions as Brittany. It is a delightful land for a brief visit; it is full of study for one who could make a prolonged stay there; the climate is mild. The kindly people always treat the traveller with gracious courtesy." To descend to more material topics, it may be noted that the hotels are, as a rule, both cheap and clean.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 28.

THE CHARTERED COLLAPSE.

OUR readers know well that we have steadily warned them against the Chartered Company and all its works, and that both in season and out of season we have scoffed at the blend of good patriotism and bad finance by which the Rhodesian monster has bled the unfortunate British investor of many millions. It looks as if the inevitable collapse has taken a long step forward within the last few days. What at this moment brought about the drop in the price of Chartered shares is doubtful, although gossip says that a director and large holder is in trouble. We shrewdly suspect, however, that the news of the Rhodesian Broken Hill fiasco becoming an open secret has contributed in no small degree to the selling, which, on top of horribly depressed markets, has knocked the bottom out of the Chartered saucepan.

If there *was* one good egg in the Rhodesian basket (even we thought not many months ago) it was the Great Broken Hill mines, to reach which with the railway no sacrifice was too great. Mining experts gave romantic accounts of the richness of the deposits; the Chartered people themselves believed that there was fabulous wealth lying on the surface ready to come down in trainloads, and even the poor Beira Debenture-holders were buoyed up with the hope that at last there would be a volume of "down" traffic to help the payment of their overdue coupons. The line had hardly been opened when what appears to have been locally suspected as long ago as last Christmas is an open secret: the whole thing is a huge fiasco, the mines are a lead and zinc proposition; the experts cannot separate the metals, and in combination they will not pay for working. Everything at Broken Hill has come to a standstill; work is stopped; Mr. Wilson Fox is on his way to England; the railway has been taken to nowhere; and the only possible prospect of getting any traffic is to carry it 300 miles further to the rich copper deposits of Lake Tanganyika.

We write of those things which we know. What wonder that there is talk of fresh Chartered issues, and that the shares, now below par, look like going even worse. People have hardly had time yet to realise what it means for the Rhodesia and Mashonaland Railway Debentures, for Chartered Trust shares, and all the host of other satellites which surround the throne of the Chartered imposture.

THE INVESTOR.

We remember seeing upon the broad-sheet of a weekly newspaper a few years ago the words, in boldest type, "A Golden Opportunity." With the covetous curiosity of old age, and a sixpence, we took a share in that paper, and found an article, with the title just quoted, bursting with the most extravagant predictions of the wealth to be made by the purchase, at the prices ruling then, of — Consols, Home Railway Debenture stocks, and such-like securities. Not to buy the things was to miss "A Golden Opportunity," which the writer proved, to his own complete satisfaction, would never come the way of the public any more. That, we repeat, was some years ago, and alas! prices have fallen like the rain ever since. Had the scribe waited until to-day, now, he might have written his glowing periods with much more hope of the prophecies being fulfilled. One does not expect to buy at the lowest prices, and one naturally hangs back while markets are depressed, in the hope of getting stock cheaper presently. But securities of the first and second grades do seem to us to have dropped on to temptingly low platforms.

THE SPECULATOR.

"Sorry cannot advise; your judgment good as ours," wired a firm of brokers to a client who had telegraphed asking if he ought to sell his Americans. Later on in the day the client himself arrived, waxed very wrath at the honest refusal of the brokers to advise, and said he would transfer his account to somebody else more capable of conducting business. The crash of the last few weeks was long ago foretold in a general way which does not carry much conviction, and the whole position now hangs upon the movements of Copper. American houses are being severely taxed by the strain of the fall. Our own Bank of England sat in long conclave, on the wrong day last week, to debate what the directors should do in the event of a certain event happening. Come fall, come rise in copper, the Yankee Market has by this time been reduced to such a state of palpitating nervousness that months must be required to set its house in order. For the time being, it is well to stand from under: the elements of panic are being Marconigrammed with dire frequency from one side of the Atlantic to the other.

PAHANGS.

By unpreventable mischance the market for Pahang shares fell into the hands of a gambling division. This was most unlucky, and the very last thing desired by the parties interested in the actual prosperity of the Company. When the price of a share goes rushing up the attention of every Tom, Dick, and Harry Punter is attracted, and in they all tumble on the chance of making a shilling or two turn out of the rise. Directly the buying ceases and the price shows signs of declining, in come our friends and bundle out their shares

for what can be obtained, the bears contributing to the *sauve qui peut* by judiciously noisy sales. Something of this sort has happened in the case of the Pahang Company, although reaction was not long in lifting the price substantially above the 31s. to which for a few minutes it collapsed. The fall was accelerated by newspaper attacks, remarkable, even amongst such things, for the blunders perpetrated, and the price of tin fell heavily at about the same time. Tin, however, has improved sensibly within the last few days, and there has been some cessation of the attacks already mentioned. Keep your Pahangs. Not for forty shillings—not for fifty shillings. Keep the shares as a speculative investment for really high prices.

TWO INDUSTRIALS RETURNING 8 PER CENT.

In your issue of March 27 I wrote: "12½ per cent. was paid on the Ordinary shares of the *Consolidated Signal Company* in 1906, and I have it on good authority that a larger dividend may be confidently expected for the current year, and that the Company is doing an extremely good business." The report for the year ending Sept 30 has now been published, and fully bears out the above forecast, as the following figures will show —

	Net Profits.	Dividend on C.S. Co.'s Ordinary Shares.
Year ending Sept. 1902	£22,878	3 per cent.
" " 1903	32,664	Nil.
" " 1904	23,107	Nil.
" " 1905	56,726	5 per cent.
" " 1906	70,492	12½ per cent.
" " 1907	79,308	15 per cent.

The profits for the current year have enabled the directors to increase the dividend from 12½ per cent. to 15 per cent., to place to reserve £5000 against £2500 last year, and to carry forward £5993, as compared with £1815 brought forward from last year. The report states that the foreign and colonial trade of the subsidiary companies has been satisfactory, and in particular the electrical and pneumatic tool departments are fully engaged with orders, and have proved a source of increasing profit. A conservative policy is being pursued by the Board, and it is announced that the money required for the considerable extensions to the factories contemplated during the current year will be provided out of revenue. The shares can be bought at a little under £2 cum. div., at which price they should prove a very sound investment.

Another Company which is increasing its profits from year to year in a way which can only be described as marvellous is the Gramophone and Typewriter Company. The dividends paid for the past five years and the amounts carried forward have been as follows—

	Dividend.	Carried forward.
Year to June 30, 1903	16 per cent.	£260,820
" " 1904	20	414,882
" " 1905	20	445,296
" " 1906	20	487,176
" " 1907	30	586,665

Such a business as this is necessarily speculative; nevertheless, the Board have built up a very strong position, and the profits seem likely to increase rather than diminish, the sales for the three months since the books were closed having been materially in excess of the corresponding months of last year. The assets of the Company (irrespective of patents, trade marks, and goodwill) were valued on June 30 at £772,567—considerably more than the issued capital of the Company. No doubt, Mr. Trevor Williams will have another very satisfactory account to give the shareholders at the meeting next Thursday, and at 3½ the shares do not seem overvalued. Q.

Saturday, Oct. 19, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

HOPE.—(1) We think Peru Pref. not a bad speculative buy. (2) Robinson Central Deep and Casons are good for dividends, but have comparatively short lives—say, eight and twelve years respectively. You should put by about half the dividends to redemption to be safe.

A. H.—Your letter was answered on the 17th inst. We can find no paper that quotes the shares.

BELHAVEN.—In the case of the Broken Hill Companies you need not trouble about the life; both have indefinite years before them. The Nitrate Company is among the best. Last year the yield was 50s. per share, and is not likely to be less this year. We never write letters except in accordance with Rule 5.

X. Y. Z.—You can get a list of shareholders of a company by paying for it, either from the secretary, or from the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, Somerset House, W.C. The cost is about 6d. per hundred words, and you can be made to pay in advance. From the secretary the list is more up to date than from the registrar, whose return may be a year old.

GEE.—The times are so out of joint that we doubt an improvement in Kaffir Mines for a long time. If you want to buy you had better select good dividend-payers like Robinson Deep, Waihi, and Nundydroog, and so spread the risk.

IVY HOUSE.—See this week's "Notes."

ROYAL NAVY.—We are afraid to advise the purchase of anything, but it looks as if the iron and coal boom were past its prime, so that neither of your companies is over-attractive.

SHALE.—Profits and dividends are quite different things. The first £30,000 goes to the Pref., then £13,500 to the Ordinary; after that half the sum distributed will go to 500,000 Pref., and the other half to 225,000 Ordinary.

IBEX.—We think you will have a fair run for your money in the Rubber Company, but it was badly subscribed. You must hold the Engineering concern, for you cannot sell. Your complaint is quite just.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newcastle the following should run well: Stewards' Plate, Tacitan; Northumberland Plate, Tit-for-Tat; Jesmond Welter, Crow Cup. At Gatwick I like these: Bridge Handicap, Dutch; County Nursery, Lagos; Charlwood Handicap, The Loaf; Surrey Stakes, Reckless. At Sandown the following should go close: Temple Handicap, Snowflight; Sandown Three-Year-Old Stakes, All Black; Orleans Nursery, Vega; Coombe Plate, Romney; Wheatsheaf Handicap, Offer; Great Sapling Plate, Poor Boy. On Saturday The Whelp may win the Three-Year-Old Hurdle Race, Amersham the Norbiton Hurdle, and Bachelor the Busbridge Steeplechase.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Convert." By Elizabeth Robins. (Methuen.)—"The Weavers." By Gilbert Parker. (Heinemann).

"THE CONVERT" is frankly, blatantly, a novel with a purpose, and so, perhaps, ought not to be judged by ordinary standards. It is first a dissertation on women's rights—and wrongs; then a work of fiction. Regarded as a tract, its earnestness, its obvious sincerity, may bring it favour; regarded as a novel, it is likely to be read with a lively sense of disappointment: even the amateur politician might quail before a "pamphlet" of three hundred and fifty odd pages. Says Vida Levering, the convert, "Yes; I've been rather horrid. I went and Trafalgar-Squared you, when I ought to have amused you." That is what one feels in reading the book; Miss Robins is ever Trafalgar-Squaring. By far the larger portion of it is propagandism. Its plot is inconsiderable, save in that it gives a personal touch to Vida Levering's determination to help her sex, and enables her to force a famous politician to favour the cause she favours—

"I'm no longer simply a woman who has stumbled on the way." With difficulty she controlled the shake in her voice. "I'm one who has got up bruised and bleeding, wiped the dust from her hands and the tears from her face—and said to herself not merely: Here's one luckless woman! but—here is a stone of stumbling to many. Let's see if it can't be moved out of other women's way. And she calls people to come and help. No mortal man, let alone a woman, *by herself*, can move that rock of offence. But," she ended with a sudden flare of enthusiasm, "if *many* help, Geoffrey, the thing can be done."

For the rest, it must be recorded that the scheme of the book is that of the same author's "Votes for Women," produced at the Court; that it is, of course, well written; and that its characters are, equally of course, well drawn.

Sir Gilbert Parker also deals with things political, but the politics are invested with the glamour of the East, not with the gloom of the East-End. His story is full of colour, fascinating; the call of the East—insistent, all-compelling—in fiction form. His hero is an excellent study. He is a Quaker—one David Claridge—and he goes to Egypt under a cloud. There he becomes the favourite of Prince Kaid, and suffers the penalty: the hatred of the ex-favourite, Nahoum Pasha. Then one night, protecting a woman, he kills a man—

David turned his face towards the room where Foorgat Bey was lying dead. He lifted his arms with a sudden passionate gesture. The blood came rushing

through his veins again. His life, which had seemed suspended, was set free; and an exaltation of sorrow, of pain, of action possessed him.

"I have taken a life, O my God!" he murmured. "Accept mine in service for this land. What I have done in secret let me atone for in secret, for this land—for this poor land, for Christ's sake!"

Thus, he devotes himself to the task of regenerating Egypt, and he tastes success and failure—bitter failure, and meets treachery and disaster. His will is great, his courage superb. Nothing can daunt him, and there is much to shake the stoutest heart—poison, the strangler's rope, the knife, powdered glass in the coffee, "accidents" that have been arranged. Through all he passes unscathed of body, if scarred in mind, and one watches the growth of his power, the broadening of his character, the wariness of his enemies, with ever-increasing interest. He is the great character of the book. There are many others, the threads of whose lives are woven with his, but he is the one who counts. As fascinating as he himself is the world in which he moves, the very East. Nothing could be more suggestive than the end of Harrik, who, discovered in conspiracy against his brother, the Prince, promises to kill himself—

Harrik held up the torch and came nearer. In the centre of the room was a cage in which one great lion paced to and fro in fury. It roared at him savagely. It was his roar which had come to Harrik through the distance and the night. He it was who had carried Fatima, the beloved, about his cage by that neck in which Harrik had laid his face so often. . . . He thrust the torch into the ground, and, with the dagger grasped tightly, carefully opened the cage and stepped inside. The door clicked behind him. The lion was silent now, and in a far corner prepared to spring, crouching low.

"Fatima," Harrik cried, and sprang forward as the wild beast rose at him. He struck deep, drew forth the dagger—and was still.

David in England is scarcely so enthralling as David in Egypt. Moreover, Sir Gilbert's sub-plot, which provides that David shall be found to be the real Lord Eglington, is less convincing than theatrical. Yet England provides one of the best effects in the book. Soolsby tells Lord Eglington that he has no right to his title—

David Claridge was the Earl of Eglington, this man before him knew, Luke Claridge knew. . . . And all the time he was fascinated by the fact that Soolsby's hand was within a few inches of a live electric wire, which, if he touched, would probably complete the "experiment" he had come to make; and what had been the silence of a generation would continue indefinitely. . . . Soolsby's hand had moved slightly. It was only an inch from the wire. For an instant the room was terribly still. An instant and it might be too late. An instant, and Soolsby would be gone. Eglington watched the hand which had been resting on the table turn slowly over to the wire. Why should he intervene? . . . Suddenly a voice was heard outside the door. "Eglington!" it called. Soolsby started, his hand drew spasmodically away from the wire, and he stepped back quickly. . . . Destiny had decided.

Emphatically, "The Weavers" is a book to read.

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